

August

The American Mercury



- The Truth About American Fascism . . . *H. L. Varney*
I Do Not Like My Children *By A Mother*
Propaganda From Spain *Fletcher Pratt*
Indiana's Magnificent McNutt *James Stevens*
Why the South Hates Sherman . . . *Peveral H. Peake*
Husbands *Ruth Purdy*
Credo of American Capitalism . . . *George E. Sokolsky*
Prostitution Legalized *Pelham D. Glassford*
The British Fair-Play Myth . . . *Katharine F. Gerould*
Civic Crisis. A Story *James Boyd*
Liberals Never Learn *Albert Jay Nock*
A Great American, Forgotten . . . *John W. Thomason, Jr.*
AMERICANA NEW BOOKS OPEN FORUM

UTOPIA BY STERILIZATION

By H. L. Mencken

25 cents a copy



Hands That Shape Modern Living

SKILLED hands that join glass and metal so that the human voice can reach millions of listeners. They first fashioned the high-power vacuum tube on a principle used today in every broadcasting station. They built the x-ray tube which has become an indispensable aid to the physician. They are the hands of craftsmen in the General Electric Research Laboratory, in Schenectady.

They are the hands that enacted much of the thrilling history of the tubes in your radio, of phototubes that outperform the human eye, of sodium lamps that make night driving safer on many American highways. Skilled and experienced,

these craftsmen built the first models of many of the new devices which now play an important part in modern civilization.

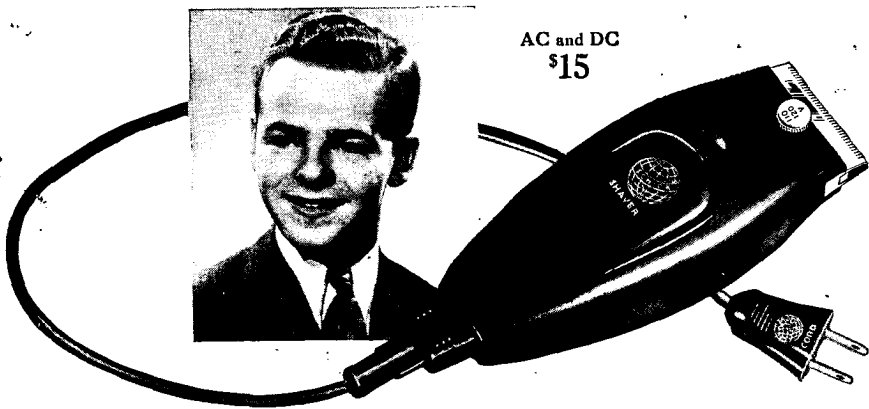
Research combines the abstract genius of the mathematician, the ingenuity of the experimenter, the practical skill of the craftsman. Our whole American system is built on the co-operation of many hands and minds to translate the findings of science into an abundance of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries we all desire. More goods for more people—at less cost—is the goal of American industry. It is the goal toward which G-E research has made and is making significant progress.

*G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars
for every dollar it has earned for General Electric*

GENERAL ELECTRIC



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Every boy's father *(and mother)* should know this

START your boy shaving with a Schick Shaver. It will clean off the first tender down and, though he grows up to have the toughest beard, he will always shave quickly and closely.

His skin will never become calloused with the scar-tissue that inevitably follows blade-shaving. Never will he cut, nick or scrape his face, for there are *no blades* in the Schick Shaver. No moving part touches the skin.

The gentle, massaging action of the Schick induces the flow of blood to the skin, helping it to keep healthy and reducing the danger of infection to a minimum.

It will cost him less to shave

We do not know any cheaper way to shave through the years than with the Schick

Shaver. (Schick Shavers made five years ago have been used every day and are still shaving perfectly.)

There are no blades to buy, to sharpen or replace—no brush, soap, cream, powder or lotions.

The Schick Shaver can be used in total darkness, by invalids in bed, in rough weather at sea and under many conditions that would make it impossible to use a razor.

Buy one for your boy and yourself

Go to an authorized Schick dealer. Ask him to demonstrate the shaver to you and explain why your boy can shave well the first day but it may take you a little longer to get *your* face in condition for a very close and quick shave.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco

In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

SCHICK SHAVERS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



13 Steps

WHITMAN CHAMBERS

A FULL-LENGTH NOVEL

Now on sale at all good news-
stands or direct from THE
AMERICAN MERCURY



THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XLI

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
164

August

Paul Palmer, *Editor*

1937

The Truth About American Fascism.....	Harold Lord Varney	385
Utopia by Sterilization.....	H. L. Mencken	399
Propaganda From Spain.....	Fletcher Pratt	409
I Do Not Like My Children.....	By A Mother	423
Indiana's Magnificent McNutt.....	James Stevens	430
Husbands. <i>Verse</i>	Ruth Purdy	438
Why the South Hates Sherman.....	Peveral H. Peake	441
Credo of American Capitalism.....	George E. Sokolsky	449
Prostitution Legalized.....	Pelham D. Glassford	455
The British Fair-Play Myth.....	Katharine Fullerton Gerould	461
Civic Crisis. <i>A Story</i>	James Boyd	468
Americana.....		481
Liberals Never Learn.....	Albert Jay Nock	485
A Great American, Forgotten.....	John W. Thomason, Jr.	491
The Open Forum.....		497
Index to Volume XLI.....		511
The Check List.....		iv
The Contributors.....		xiii
Recorded Music.....	Irving Kolodin	xiv

Verse by Marion Canby, Edward A. Richards, and Joyce Smart

Gordon Carroll, *Managing Editor*

Albert Jay Nock, *Contributing Editor* John W. Thomason, Jr., *Literary Editor*

Lawrence E. Spivak, *General Manager*

Published by The American Mercury, Inc., monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date, at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America, foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial office, Ridgefield, Conn. General offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1937, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as

second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. No reproduction of content allowed without written permission. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. Address all editorial correspondence and manuscripts to Ridgefield, Connecticut.

THE CHECK LIST

★★★★★ indicate a book of exceptional and lasting merit. ★★★★★ a distinguished and valuable work. ★★★ a readable and engaging volume. ★★ a fair performance. ★ an unimportant book, but possessing some characteristic of value. The absence of stars may be taken to mean the absence of merit.

BIOGRAPHY

★★★★ MOUNTAIN MEN, by Stanley Vestal. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Men who opened the West, the conquerors of the Rockies, presented by the soundest student of those places and those days.

★★★★ WHITMAN, by Edgar Lee Masters. \$3.50. *Scribner*. Sprawling in approach and undistinguished in style, this volume is, nevertheless, the most balanced and readable life of "the great poetic emancipator" which has yet appeared: it presents a composite portrait of the poet, politician, pamphleteer, and philosopher, and furnishes the best introduction to his work. Not as authoritative as Holloway's biography nor as challenging as O'Higgins' pamphlet, it is more profound and far-reaching than both combined. It will be respected by all but professionally embattled Whitmaniacs.

★★★ IT'S A FAR CRY, by Robert W. Winston. \$3.00. *Holt*. The full life below the Potomac, as seen by a Southern jurist, biographer, and historian. Not too much magnolia and tradition, but a reasoned perspective, stemming from the Civil War and looking forward to the "steadfast stars, neither fretting nor fuming nor reforming one another".

★★★ FAMOUS AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE, by J. G. Crowther. \$3.50. *Norton*. A group of four portraits, presenting Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Henry, Josiah Willard Gibbs, and Thomas Alva Edison. The needs of society, says the writer, produce inventive genius. These biographies are shaped to bulwark the belief

★ HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, by Catherine Gilbertson. \$3.00. *Appleton-Century*. Careful effort to explain how Calvinism and emotional vitality mingled to make one of the nineteenth century's greatest reformers. But it is still safe to assume that the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would have benefited from the professional services of a twentieth-century psychiatrist.

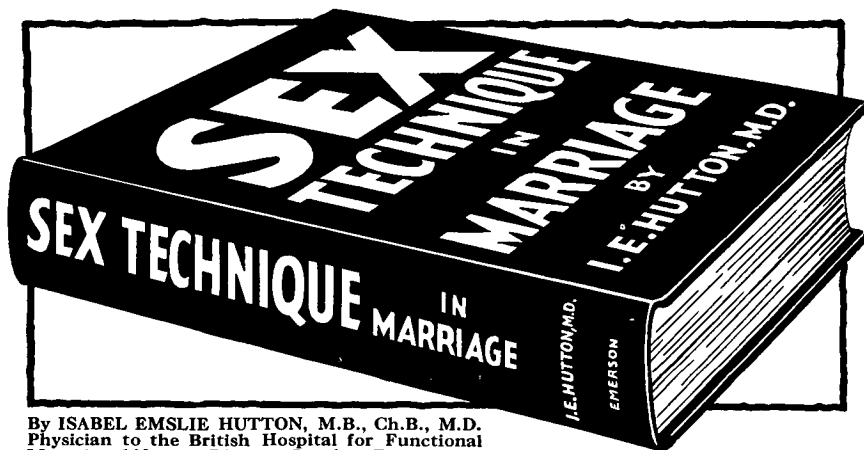
★ MEMOIRS OF A SPANISH PRINCESS, by H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia. \$3.50. *Norton*. Chronicle of how an aristocrat flirted with European Liberalism, only to find disillusionment in the brittle realities of life. Professional Fascist-baiters will find anger and irritation here: also, a pat explanation of the current Spanish war "for democracy".

LET ME LIVE, by Angelo Herndon. \$2.50. *Random House*. Autobiography of Angelo Herndon, an Ohio negro sentenced to the chain gang by Georgia justice, on the charge of attempting to incite revolt: and it would appear that Georgia feels she was merciful. But Angelo Herndon doesn't. He has won through the Supreme Court of the United States. Add to the martyrdom literature of Communism.

HISTORY

★★★★ THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND, by André Maurois. \$3.75. *Harpers*. Survey of the Foggy Isles from the Celtic invasions, 400-600 B.C., to the abdication of Edward VIII. No new material, but a fresh outlook, most brilliantly presented.

(Continued on page vi)



By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional
Mental and Nervous Diseases, London. Foreword by
IRA S. WILE, M.D., Former Commissioner of Edu-
cation New York City.

Illustrated with Explanatory Diagrams

SUBJECTS INCLUDED

PRE-MARITAL PREPARATION

— Necessary Sex Knowledge — Sex
Freedom Before Marriage for the
Man; For the Woman — Sex Instinct
in Men and Women Contrasted —
Implications of Courtship — Heredi-
tary Factors — The Age Factor —
Indications of Sexual Incompatibility
— The Neurotic Temperament in
Marriage.

FIRST SEX ACT — Analysis of Sexual
Intercourse — Preliminary Love-
Play — Overcoming Mental Obstacles
— Pain — Early Intercourse — The
Fatigue Factor — The Husband's Part
— The Wife's Part — Methods of Sexual
Stimulation — The Active vs. the
Passive Wife — Nervous Shock of
First Intercourse — Temporary Im-
potence — Simultaneous Climax; How
Produced.

THE SEX ORGANS — Knowledge of
Male and Female Organs Essential to
Both Husband and Wife — "Fitting"
— Anatomy of Sex Organs — Hygiene
of Sex Organs — How Fertilization
Takes Place — Woman's Hygiene.

SEX LIFE IN MARRIAGE — The
Arts of Love — Timing — Impotence
During Marriage — Sexual Cooperation
— Influence of Age, Sexual In-
stinct and Health — Sexual Adjust-
ment — Sex Errors — Sexual Rhythm
— Frequency of Intercourse; Positions
in Intercourse — When Variations are
Indicated — Sexual Starvation — The
Unsatisfied Wife — Prelude to Sex;
Love Play — Sex Life During Preg-
nancy; after Childbirth.

**MENSTRUATION AND THE
CHANGE OF LIFE** — The Hygiene
of Menstruation — Sexual Activity
during and after the Change of Life —
The Menstrual Cycle and Conception —
Normal and Abnormal Symptoms.

CURABLE CHILDLESSNESS —
Simple Causes and Their Treatment —
Conditions where Medical Treatment
is Required — Conditions where Surgical
Treatment is Indicated.

BIRTH CONTROL

**THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MAR-
RIAGE** is a book for husbands and
wives to read together, if they wish to
remain together!

IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they
are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY
IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE.
"When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse
harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often
wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike
sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience
what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither
husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the
result is nervous ill-health. . . . The cause of all this is not want of
love. It is want of knowledge." — A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the con-
clusion that probably not one in five men knows how to per-
form the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned
sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this
problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," fre-
quently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know
exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN
MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail
that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how
it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile
declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater
assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with
excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says,
"with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical
opinion."

SEND NO MONEY

**READ FIRST- THEN
DECIDE!**

Mail coupon to your bookseller or to
EMERSON BOOKS, INC., Dept. 69-A
251 West 19th St., New York

Send me in plain wrapper SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE
to read for 5 days. I will pay \$2.00 and a few cents postage on
delivery. You will refund full purchase price, if returned within
5 days. (I am over 21 years old.)

Name

Address

☐ CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose only \$2.00, thus
saving delivery charges.
(Same money-back guarantee of course)

ILLUSTRATED PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page iv)

★★★ SOUTH AFTER GETTYSBURG, by Cornelia Hancock. \$2.00. *University of Pennsylvania*. The author, at the age of twenty-three, left her Philadelphia Quaker home to nurse Civil War casualties. These letters, written from Army of the Potomac hospitals, are remarkable for their clarity and insight. War historians would do well to consult her entries.

★★★ CANADA, by André Siegfried. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Question: Will the Dominion secede from the Empire, under the pressure of Americanization? M. Siegfried thinks the thread is already thin, and growing thinner daily. His analysis of Canadian trends is excellent on many points: mainly, that of timeliness.

★★★ FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET, by William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon. \$3.00. *Farrar & Rinehart*. Some 400-odd editorials by the Sage of Emporia, presented in book form. The dates run from 1895 to the present; the topics cover virtually every phase of human activity.

★★ CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS SKELETON ISLAND, by Harold T. Wilkins. \$3.50. *Liveright*. Painstaking re-examination of the career, betrayal, execution, and remains of William Kidd, Master Mariner, which events created more than local interest in the year 1701 A.D. Readable and entertaining if you react to buried treasure; and who does not?

★ THE GREAT RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Victor Chernov. \$5.00. *Yale University Press*. Russian history from the outbreak of the Revolution until the Bolshevik triumph, as written by one of Kerensky's ministers. A mass of interesting documentation, but dull reading when compared to other books on the same subject.

PITY FOR WOMEN!, by Helen Anderson. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. By all means pity women. It is a very old misfortune. Sappho made it somehow beautiful and terrible, but Sappho has been dead a long time.

TRAVEL

★★★★ 1937 IN EUROPE. Edited by Eugene Fodor. \$3.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. Practical travel information, cleverly humanized and flavored. If you are embarking on the Atlantic voyage, by all means take it along.

★★★ LONDON AFRESH, by E. V. Lucas. \$2.50. *Lippincott*. Travel literature, in the literary manner. Mr. Lucas' style is as endless as the byways of London. He puts charm, sophistication, and entertainment into a subject usually handled by dreary Baedekers.

★★ DON GYPSY, by Walter Starkie. \$3.50. *Dutton*. Most interesting, in view of the daily press dispatches from Spain, where Mr. Starkie's pleasant companions are now engaged in killing each other off. Yet this life he describes will survive whatever transpires in Spain, for his people have their roots in the soil. After this, look up a man named George Borrow, who wrote *Lavengro*.

★ A MAPBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by John D'Auby Briscoe, Robert Lathrop Sharp, and Murray Eugene Borish. \$1.25. *Holt*. A carefully-printed volume of maps, ancient and modern, showing where the leading writers of England worked and lived.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★ ANALYSIS OF WAR, by Clyde Eagleton. \$1.50. *Ronald Press*. Any discussion of war is helpful, if it provokes thought. This provokes thought, but the author's conclusions lead him to nothing better than the League of Nations. War has always been the pastime of what we call the White Nations, and if the White Nations do not learn, and learn quickly, to find other diversions, we are lost. The solution to the problem lies somewhere deeper than the League, even the super-League Dr. Eagleton visualizes.

(Continued in back adv't section, p. x)

REPRODUCED 2003 BY UNCLOR

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNUSUAL BOOK BARGAINS

UP TO 75% OFF FORMER PRICES

These offerings by America's oldest Mail-Order Book House save you up to 75% of their regular retail prices. Each book is brand-new in condition, stock-perfect, a permanent addition to your library. In many cases the quantities on hand are the last remaining stocks. All orders promptly filled and covered by our 53-year-old MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

1. DIEGO RIVERA'S MOST FAMOUS FRESCOS. Twelve prints in full color. Size, 9 by 12 inches. Diego Rivera is universally recognized as the world's foremost fresco painter. When these prints were first issued, they were sold FROM \$5.00 TO \$10.00 PER PRINT. (\$7.50) **The set of 12 prints, 98c**

2. MARK TWAIN'S "1601." This much suppressed masterpiece now available after 25 years. "Brilliant satire, spine-shaking humor." Conversation as it was in the time of the Tudors, and sketches Old and New. (\$3.00) **\$1.58**

3. MASTERS IN ART SERIES: Goya; Holbein's Drawings; Giotto; Watteau; Vermeer; Turner; Tintoretto; Ruisdael; Rossetti; Raeburn; Nattier; Murillo; Metsu; Mantegna; Constable; Lippi; Jan Steen; Ghirlandajo; Francia; Duclo; de Hooch; David; Chardin; Watts. Twenty-four long out-of-print, paper-covered books in the famous Masters in Art Series. 7 1/2" x 10". Containing 240 beautiful full-page plates. The 24 books, \$2.98. **Any 6 books, 88c**

4. FOUR FAMOUS VAN GOGH MASTERPIECES. Beautifully Reproduced in Full Color. Cornfield—*Wheat Field with Yellow Sky*—*Dr. Gachet*—*Self-Portrait*. Ideal for framing, these pictures look like original oils when properly framed. Size of each reproduction, 14 1/2 x 18 inches. Together with an introductory booklet by G. R. Benson, illustrated with 17 half-tone photographic plates of Van Gogh's paintings. A nation-wide survey of American Art Schools placed Van Gogh's work among the most popular artists OF ALL TIME. DaVinci, who was third, received only 3 more votes—Van Gogh preceded Titian, Rubens, Holbein and other great masters. Published at (\$10.00). Our Price, the set of 4 full-color reproductions, **\$1.98**

5. FAMOUS REMBRANDT ETCHINGS. The Three Trees—The Mill—Faust—measuring 15 1/2" x 12 1/2", 12 1/2" x 10 1/2", 10 1/2" x 12 1/2", respectively. Ideal for framing. Originals of The Three Trees have fetched \$6,000 at Art Auctions. (\$5.00) **The set of 3, only 98c**

6. COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED MEMOIRS OF CASSANOVA. (12 volumes bound in 6). This is the rare unabridged edition to which have been added the Chapters discovered by Arthur Symonds. Edition limited to 500 sets on Louvain laid antique paper. Privately printed. (\$50.00) **The complete set, \$14.88**

7. THE ART OF MARRIAGE. By J. F. Hayden, B.Sc. Extensive, frank, complete, this book includes notable chapters on unequalized sexuality, frigidity of wives, sexual satiety, prematurity, lack of art in procedure, impotence, prudery, etc. Also contains the fullest treatise on Frigidity that can be found today, as well as one on Reservatus. ILLUSTRATED. Revised, enlarged. **Our Special Price, \$1.98**

8. BEVERIDGE'S LINCOLN. In 4 illustrated volumes. Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858. By Albert J. Beveridge. Boxed. "The author has traced to its source every fact, incident, tradition or statement bearing on the life of Lincoln." (\$20.00) **The 4 volume set, only \$3.98**

9. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF SAVAGES. With over 90 photographic illustrations from Dr. Mahowski's unrivaled collection. An account of courtship, marriage and family life among the natives of Trobriand Islands, British New Guinea—with a preface by HAVELLOCK ELLIS. Complete in 1 volume, (\$10.00) **\$1.49**

10. THE THEATRE. 3,000 Years of the Theatre. By Sheldon Cheney. Profusely illustrated with 204 interesting illustrations. 558 pages. "A thoroughly readable, well-documented and beautifully illustrated history of man's whole adventure in the theatre." (99c) **\$1.49**

11. WRITE IT RIGHT. By Ambrose Bierce. A little black list of literary faults, by America's foremost master of style. Useful, witty, interesting to those who like to write and think precisely. **\$1.00**

12. DON QUIXOTE. By Cervantes. Profusely illustrated with over 400 drawings by the famous Gustave Doré. **\$1.98**

13. A HISTORY OF CHINESE ART. From Ancient Times to the Present Day. 153 illustrations, including 80 colotype plates. **\$3.98**

14. GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COMPLETE DIARIES. The first complete issue. From his first expedition as a youth of 16 to the days of his final illness. Illustrated from old prints, engravings and facsimiles. "The material contained in these handsome vol mees constitutes beyond question ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT HUMAN DOCUMENTS THAT HAS BEEN LATELY ADDED TO THE LITERATURE OF AMERICAN HISTORY."—*Sat. Review of Literature*. **(\$25.00) The 4 volume set, only \$3.98**

15. WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS. Illustrated with over 200 photographic plates. Characteristics, habits, manners, customs and influence of women all over the world. The only work of its kind in the history of literature, with a collection of RARE PHOTOGRAPHS gathered from every part of the world. **\$2.98**

16. MEN AND GODS IN MONGOLIA. By Henning Haslund. Profusely illustrated with 57 plates from photographs and a map. Throws a flood of light on ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SPOTS ON THE GLOBE. An epic adventure. **\$5.00) \$1.69**

17. TORTURES AND TORMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS. With 46 full-page original plates. (Limited edition). "Probably no more awful lesson of Man's inhumanity to Man, concentrated into so short a space, can be found throughout the annals of literature." (\$7.50) **\$2.98**

18. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S WORKS. Centenary Edition. In 7 handsome maroon linen volumes, stamped in gold. **\$21.00) \$5.95**

19. SINS OF AMERICA. As exposed by the Police Gazette. With 200 hilarious woodcut illustrations and an introduction by Thomas Beer. Drama, extravaganzas, scandals, tragedies—our national portrait in the 70's and 80's. Size, 9 1/2" x 12". **(\$5.00) \$1.49**

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

THE UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Established 1884

367-373 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

AM-1

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which please send me the books I have circled below; delivery charges prepaid.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19

(Mark circle around books desired)

☐ Please send me FREE Catalog No. 282-AM, just off press!

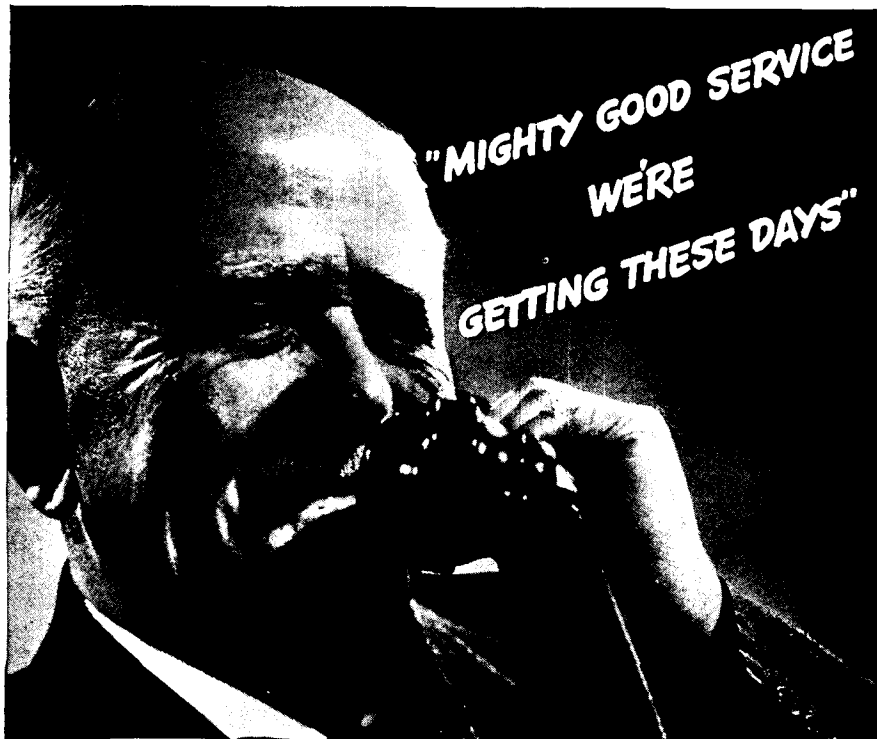
Name

Address

City

State

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**"MIGHTY GOOD SERVICE
WE'RE
GETTING THESE DAYS"**

**BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED
ON *Western Electric* QUALITY**

The name "Western Electric" on telephone equipment means high quality at low cost. Your Bell telephone company, and every other Bell company, shares the benefits of its centralized manufacturing.

This has brought constant improvement in the speed, clarity and efficiency of the telephone—saved millions of dollars for Bell telephone users—and helped to give this country the best telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



**ORGANIZED FOR
SERVICE TO THE
PUBLIC**

The Western Electric Company is an integral part of the Bell System. Its purpose is to provide a dependable supply of telephone equipment of high quality at low cost. The Western Electric plan of centralized manufacturing and distributing has half a century of proved benefits behind it.

The American MERCURY

THE TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN FASCISM

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

IT WAS a contention of the late Huey P. Long that Fascism, should it ever come to America, would undoubtedly arrive in the guise of anti-Fascism. Were the Bayou Dictator still alive, he would discover surprising evidence today to confirm this political paradox.

Certainly, it is difficult to find among our quavery anti-Fascists any awareness of the totalitarian reality which is now taking form in Washington, D. C. While the outlines of the American Corporative State are slowly but unmistakably emerging from the integuments of the New Deal, it is significant that the voice of anti-Fascism has not been heard in opposition. Its leaders continue to pursue phantom American black-shirts or to shake their fists inanely

at the Hitlers and Mussolinis of other lands. Like Ambassador Dodd, they tremble lividly over bogey tales of "billionaire" plotters ready to finance American *squadristi*, while they unhesitatingly support a Supreme Court coup which would remove our last dependable bulwark against a future American Fascist régime. Thus, the story of American anti-Fascism is a depressing exhibit of democracy at its most bathetic. It also reveals the psychological reason why America today is fatally vulnerable to a Fascism which may come in the guise of democratic phrases.

To the surface view, the professional anti-Fascist movement would appear to be one of the most astonishing success stories of the Depression. I have before me a list

of several hundred of these anti-Rightist organizations which have sprouted ambitiously in the lush soil of American credulity since 1932. Their alarms exhaust the atlas. From the "Association of New Cuban Revolutionary Emigrants" and the "Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People", to the "Chinese Anti-Imperialist Alliance" and the "Amalgamated Association for the Defense of Ethiopia", their activities range indiscriminately over the whole gamut of international unrest. In season and out of season, they give employment to so formidable a standing army of high-powered executives, smooth promoters, ingratiating fund solicitors, super-secretaries, advertising wizards, house-organ editors, cartoonists, publicists, radio broadcasters, producers of "atrocious" films, bookers, lecturers, attorneys, writers, typists, file clerks, and recruiting sergeants for "Loyalist" Spanish armies, that I refer them forthwith to Mr. John L. Lewis as an especially juicy prospect for a lucrative CIO industrial union. All these rival "anti" organizations seem to find a common denominator in their hysterical preoccupation with Fascism in other countries, and their myopic inability to perceive the authoritarian cloven

hoof which is now beating in their own national Capital.

Of course, from the contribution-box point of view, there can be little question that most of these noisy grouplets have done very well indeed. Topping the list, as one might suspect, are the ever-increasing number of organizations which purport to give comfort to the enemies or victims of Hitlerism. Nazi Germany has few friends in America, and solicitors have learned that the most painless build-up to a donation check is a whole-hearted damning of Adolph and all his works. It is estimated that the anti-Nazi "take" in this country has already reached the total of several millions. A conception of the ample scale upon which the anti-Hitler drive is being waged may be had when we note the fact that the annual budget recently set by the "American Christian Committee for German Refugees" is \$400,000; for the "Emergency Committee in Aid of Political Refugees from Nazi-ism", \$250,000; while the sustaining fund now being collected by the "University in Exile" is \$212,000. The "University" has also pocketed a recent gift of \$100,000 from the Littaer Fund, while the Rockefeller Foundation, in its latest report, announces the appropriation of \$532,

181 of Foundation money for "displaced German scholars", presumably to be disbursed through one of the anti-Nazi organizations. In recent months, the Spanish franchise has proven to be scarcely less fruitful than the German situation. No sooner was the news of the Spanish Civil War on the cables than half a dozen anti-Franco fund-raising organizations bounded full-staffed into the field. At last report, they had already totalled collections of over \$1,100,000. The net result of all this multiplicity of organizations is that America now possesses among its social assets a compact and vociferous new profession of trained Fascist-baiters who have a vested interest in the permanent continuance of anti-Fascist agitation.

While it is significant that these go-getters are scrupulously careful not to assail Fascism in the sacrosanct New Deal manifestation, they have a teeming horror-chamber of non-Administration Fascist suspects. The exhibits in this chamber turn out to be a faithful listing of all the men and women in American public life who have conspicuously opposed the Left. The roster of these American "Fascists" is virtually a roll call of prominent American anti-Communists. Al Smith, Henry Ford,

Governor Landon, Father Coughlin, William Randolph Hearst, Col. Robert R. McCormick, Henry R. Luce, Governor Harold Hoffman, Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, William Green, Secretary Woodring, Governor-General McNutt are among the company of those who have been denounced at some time or other as potential American Fascists. The author of this article, an unqualified opponent of American Fascist tendencies, has been amused to find his name on practically all the published "American Fascist" lists—probably in retaliation for his anti-Moscow attitudes. Even Mayor LaGuardia, John L. Lewis, and the Rev. Norman Thomas were habitually excoriated as "Social Fascists" by one of the anti-Fascist factions, before the present "Peoples' Front" strategy transformed them into allies. Obviously, such a preposterous burlesquing of the term reduces the whole discussion to the level of bedlam. "Fascist", in American political usage, has now degenerated into little more than an epithet for the abuse of an opponent, and a nightmare for the solicitation of contributions.

It is unfortunate that the American Fascist issue has thus been caricatured and commercialized.

For there is a Fascist threat in America, even though it is invisible to eyes that are searching for storm-troopers. It is the menace of the creeping totalitarianism which, under the pretext of "implementing" democracy, is slowly corroding the whole American democratic arch. It is a token of the unreality of the whole Fascist discussion that the opponents of this totalitarianism are, in many instances, the very men and women who have been characterized by the Fascist-baiters as potential American *Führers*, while its warmest supporters are recruited from "Liberals" whose names fill the letterheads of our multiple leagues against Fascism.

What has produced this confusion? The explanation is to be found in the fatuous unwillingness of anti-Fascist Leftists to face the obvious fact of Franklin D. Roosevelt's pivotal relationship to the American Fascist drift. For the totalitarianism which is now engulfing our institutions has been all of the President's conjuring. Because his words and associations have seemed to bracket him with the Left, his Radical admirers have missed the stupendous fact that his deeds have pointed inexorably toward a future Fascist America. To confirm their self-contradiction,

they have made the further tactical error of organizing their whole "Peoples' Front" strategy around a continued Roosevelt alliance. In doing this, they have also made themselves the doctrinal prisoners of his New Deal. Even in the face of such a frankly Fascist measure as the Supreme Court bill, they cannot take issue with the President without self-stultification. While he continues to lead them away from Utopia, they must maintain the fiction that he is the symbol of a democratic crusade against Fascism.

II

It has been Dr. Roosevelt's destiny, unpremeditatedly, both to halt and to create an American Fascist possibility. The possibility which he halted was the inchoate but potentially explosive Fascism which pervaded the social atmosphere on the eve of his first Inauguration. Because it never found a detonator, few Americans realize how near we came to an organized, black-shirt challenge to the Government in the closing months of the Hoover Administration. A dynamic demagogue, had he then appeared, might easily have enacted the Hitler role in America. It was Dr. Roosevelt's genius to sublimate

all this floating and incalculably dangerous Fascism into the milder alternative of his own New Deal.

Let us recall, for a moment, the emotional tension of the 1932-33 period. It was a time when the public imagination—made reckless by an unending Depression—was toying with the dangerous thought of a short cut to Recovery. Men were talking of catastrophe and *coups d'État*. Political adventurers, sensing the possibility of upheaval, were dreaming of power. It was the period of Father Cox, of Waters and his B.E.F., and of “Khaki Shirt” Art Smith. Howard Scott, after years of obscurity and public indifference, was electrifying the nation with his Technocracy. Milo Reno and his Farm Holiday Association were mobilizing mortgage-burdened farmers for direct action. Jay Franklin, the writer, was returning from a study of the totalitarian States in Europe to announce enthusiastically the intended launching of an American “Nationalist” movement. In New York City, young Eugene Daniell, fresh from Harvard, was stench-bombing the New York Stock Exchange to focus national interest upon his “American Nationalists”. Lester Barlow was launching his “Minute Men” in Connecticut. The preposterous

Pelley was organizing his “Silver Shirts” in the hinterlands. George W. Christians, with a rival “White Shirt” movement in Tennessee, was writing letters around the country suggesting that the time was near when “we must go to Washington and hang a few of them”. And in the deep South, Colonel Simmons was returning to the platform in the curtain effort of his life to revive the Ku Klux Klan under the standard of “Nationalism”. Most ominous of all, anti-Semitism was making its first serious appearance in American history.

Hysterical and hollow as most of these movements may seem in retrospect, they were indubitable symptoms of an explosively dangerous national frame of mind. They were reminiscent of the reckless mood of Italy in 1920 and 1921, of Poland in 1926, of Germany in the stop-gap months of Dr. Brüning. What was lacking to transform all of this incipient Boulangerism into a dangerous national challenge was the appearance of a colorful, realistic popular leader on the European model. It was the good fortune of America that, during the critical months, no such *Führer* arrived. Instead came Franklin D. Roosevelt who, with superb political strategy, short-cir-

cued all of the impetus behind this stammering Fascism into his own refulgent New Deal.

Dr. Roosevelt's program was a masterpiece of demagogic artistry. As we review it now, we can perceive how cunningly it was designed to placate every popular urge which might have led to mass action. To a people bored by the stuffiness of the last few years of Republican rule, he brought the illusion of new political adventurousness. A vast public, shell-shocked by the protracted Depression, was longing for strong executive rule—for escape from the lethargy of parliamentarism. (Only two years before, a rock-ribbed Republican had voiced this popular attitude on the floor of the United States Senate in the declaration that "what this country needs is a Mussolini".) The new President, with his swift, sure-handed, and spectacular attack upon the Depression in his first "Hundred Days", supplied the American people with the father-image which they had been seeking, while he reassured the Conservatives by his scrupulous observance of parliamentary forms.

Another influential social group, embracing elements both from the Right and from the Left, was thinking in anti-capitalist terms.

American capitalism was obsolete, in the reasoning of this faction, and the Depression could never be cured without a new social system. Dr. Roosevelt swiftly silenced this pseudo-revolutionary group by the simple stratagem of absorbing it into his New Deal. He aroused hopes of fundamental reconstruction by conspicuously including in his Administration a coterie of well-known capitalist disbelievers—Rexford G. Tugwell, A. A. Berle, Donald R. Richberg, David E. Lilienthal, Mordecai Ezekiel, Leon Henderson, Frederic C. Howe, etc. He identified himself with the anti-capitalist attitude by such excursions into the field of Statism as the NRA, the AAA, the TVA, and the Resettlement Administration. The agitation for a new social order, to all save the most inflexible dogmatists, seemed pointless in an Administration which was visibly planning it.

Another recognized danger point in the pre-Roosevelt social set-up was the vast group of the white-collar and lower middle-class "new poor". In Europe, Fascist movements had found these embittered Depression victims the most responsive field for their storm-troopers and *squadristi*. Obviously, if Fascism should appear in America, it would stampede

this declassed and desperate social group. With keen prevision of their possible insurgency, the President lost no time in annexing the New Poor to his own party. He rushed the whole unemployed lower middle-class group onto the Relief rolls. When he detected signs of continued discontent, he improvised the Cultural Projects where the white-collar worker could be detached from the manual-labor group and favored with superior pay and more dignified working conditions. For the section of the lower middle-class which still possessed property, a different technique was offered. Relief from debt and mortgage burdens was provided through the FCC, the HOLC, and other lending agencies.

In like manner, youth was New Dealized. The student and young professional classes, the recruiting field for Fascism in Europe, were bound to the Roosevelt Administration by bonds of self-interest. For the students, the National Youth Administration was devised. For floundering professional beginners, Relief and Cultural Projects were made available. For proletariat youth, the CCC offered welcoming arms.

Thus the Roosevelt technique exhausted the whole field of the

potentially dangerous. Keeping a vigilant eye upon every unstable social element which might be swept into Rightist or revolutionary Leftist opposition, it has been the President's policy to prevent discontent at its source by the pleasing expedient of putting the discontented on the New Deal payroll. It is the hoary Caesarian technique of donatives to buy the people's loyalty. While opinion may differ on the necessity of recourse to such an un-American procedure, it must be conceded that thus far, it has worked with magic precision under the subtle Roosevelt hand. Uniformed Fascism as a possible organized mass-force in America has been rendered innocuous — at least temporarily — by the New Dealizing of the potential Fascists.

III

So far, so good. Concededly, Dr. Roosevelt has performed a spectacular service to American democracy by sidetracking the forces which might have led to overt Fascism. His New Deal has postponed the threat of an organized and revolutionary American Fascist movement. But unfortunately, we find that the President's record has been less inspiring when

we turn our attention to Fascism within. For while Dr. Roosevelt has adroitly checked Fascism in its black-shirt manifestation, it is painfully apparent that he has done so at the cost of the introduction of an equally withering Fascism in the heart of our governmental system. Sternly though the President may reject the Fascist name, the reality of totalitarianism pervades his New Deal program. In the name of democracy, he has "forged new instruments of public power" which render democracy meaningless. Supported perversely by the whole rout of America's anti-Fascists, he has transformed the American Presidency into the most dictatorial office outside the area of absolutism.

The dizzying rapidity with which the American government has been transformed into an authoritarian régime since 1933 has blinded most citizens to the magnitude of the event. Yet the distance which we have traveled toward Fascist Statism may be read in the day-to-day impingement of government upon the activities of the individual citizen. It is true that we still have the fiction of free enterprise in the United States. In actual experience, however, the American businessman discovers that enterprise has been

fettered and circumscribed by the bureaucratic New Deal until the role of the "free enterpriser" has become almost indistinguishable from that of a citizen of the Italian Corporative State. Let us trace a few of the contacts of the supposedly self-directing American businessman with his government, under New Deal dispensation.

If he is engaged in an industry which is dependent upon public financing, he finds his business existence at the continuous mercy of a Presidentially-appointed Securities and Exchange Commission. (Incidentally, the possible political uses of this New Deal agency are instanced by the present campaign in the "Liberal" press urging that the Commission deny permission to Mr. Hearst to offer a bond issue.

If he is an employer of labor, a small minority of his employees may form a union at the behest of professional outside agitators, and he is obligated by the Wagner Act to accord "collective bargaining" power to the recalcitrants, and to give them closed-shop dictatorship over the whole body of his employees if they are able to coerce a majority into voting for them at a "representation" election. If they go upon strike, he may expect to see the full authority of the National Labor Relations Board ar-

rayed behind them to compel a settlement which will give the union authority to dictate wage and hour conditions for his industry. If he attempts to move his factory from a Radical-infested community to another State, the union may secure a court order compelling him to move the factory back. If he attempts to fight the strike, the governor of his State may close his factory by use of armed troops and forbid him to open it until he capitulates.

If he is a coal operator, he finds himself bound by the further restraints of the Guffey Act—a measure virtually identical with the Italian Law of Corporations. Under this act, he may produce only the quota which has been allotted him, and he may sell only at a price which has been predetermined by his “guild”, or face the penalty of confiscatory taxation.

If he manufactures a product which he hopes to sell in whole or part to the Federal Government, or to any private contractor who is executing government orders, he is frustrated by the provisions of the Walsh-Healey Act. Under this democratic measure, he finds Uncle Sam both the timekeeper and the pay-rate dictator of his supposedly private industry. He must operate on a forty-hour week,

and he must pay such minimum wages as La Madame Perkins may see fit to prescribe.

If he is a merchant, he must conduct his business under the Patman Act. Lest he “destroy competition”, he is forbidden to cut prices, except in accordance with “fair practice” regulations of the Federal Trade Commission, under penalty of a \$5000 fine or one year in prison.

If he is a banker, he finds himself little more than a rubber-stamp for policies which have been predetermined for him by the Federal Reserve Board, or the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. While theoretically he may avoid such regimentation by remaining outside these organizations, actually membership is obligatory if he desires to hold his competitive position. Under the New Deal, his profits are limited by the arbitrary maintenance of artificially low interest rates which are imposed for the political end of aiding government financing policies, rather than to benefit the general economy. In effect, the national banking system under the New Deal has been reduced to little more than an involuntary reservoir for the financing of federal deficits.

If he is engaged in a public utility industry, the Wheeler-Rayburn

Act lies in wait to prescribe his business practices. He must register with the SEC, if he is organized as a holding corporation, and submit to such regulations as the Commission may impose upon his methods of doing business. He will also find the Federal Government competing with him, and establishing loaded "yardsticks" for his rates, through public power projects which he, as a taxpayer, must contribute to erect.

If he operates a railroad, his control over his property will be nominal. Ninety per cent of his operations will be subject to the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which will prescribe the rates and tariffs he may charge, and determine his profits. If he is a water-transportation operator, he is under similar supervision by the Maritime Commission.

If the pending Roosevelt "Labor Standards Bill" becomes a law, as seems probable at this writing, the businessman will find himself in a veritable strait jacket of federal domination. A Presidentially-appointed Labor Standards Board will have the authority to set a "minimum fair wage" which business must pay, regardless of general economic considerations. Hours will be determined, not by the employer, but by government

officials. Intolerable as was the NRA of the first Roosevelt Administration, the Black-Connery bill goes even further toward the Authoritarian State, for the industrial self-administering feature of the NRA is replaced in the present measure by dictatorial control by a political body.

If the businessman succeeds in escaping the dragnet of the foregoing regulative agencies, he may be brought to heel by the subtle pressure of the all-powerful federal income tax unit. With almost unlimited authority to examine his books and probe into his business practices, the income tax official is the visible symbol of Administration authority in the contemporary business world. His rulings may transform the whole economic status of the taxpayer. His displeasure is a punitive weapon which may be used by the Administration to silence a bothersome critic.

Perhaps the most revealing summary of the dictatorial powers over the private economic life of the American citizen which have been forged by the government during the first four years of Rooseveltism was that presented by Dr. Virgil Jordan in his address before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on April 28, 1937. Said Dr. Jordan:

This governmental mechanism, created and set in motion by the federal legislation of the past four years, is designed fundamentally to transform the enterprise system of production gradually into a system of State capitalism under the ownership and management of an absolute central government. . . .

(1) The State has expropriated and now owns all the present and future gold reserves of the nation, and can determine their currency value at its discretion. It can destroy or reduce the real value of all the money savings of all the people of the United States by a stroke of the pen.

(2) The State now has complete control and part ownership of the banking system and the credit resources of the country. . . .

(3) The State has power to expropriate, and is expropriating, present and future savings by unlimited taxation of individual and corporate surplus incomes, capital gains, estates and inheritances, and by unlimited borrowing. The whole working population of the United States are now under forced labor for the State and all its agencies, for more than two months of every year. The State now confiscates every year, for the benefit of its employees and dependents, a fifth of everything the American people produce by their work and their savings. . . .

(4) The State now controls food and clothing prices, a basic factor in all production costs, through control of agricultural production and of farm operation.

(5) The State now controls the principal power resources and the prices of coal and electric energy—another basic factor in production costs.

(6) The State now controls the management and cost of labor in the production of commodities, services,

and construction purchased by it from private enterprise.

(7) The State now has indirect competitive control of general wage levels, working hours, and labor costs in all private enterprise through the distribution of vast funds for public employment and Relief under conditions which it determines.

(8) The State now directly controls labor costs and management efficiency through compulsory collective bargaining by semi-governmental or State-supported labor organizations. . . .

(9) The State not only now controls the cost of production in these ways, but it controls prices and the practices and terms of trade in vital channels of distribution of commodities.

(10) In addition to control of costs and prices, the State now controls the financial management of corporations and their access to the capital market and to sources of credit.

(11) To supplement its power to dissipate private savings through control of costs, prices, financial management, and borrowing ability of private enterprise, the State has unrestricted power of direct destructive competition with private enterprise and investment. . . .

(12) Finally, and most important of all, this governmental machinery has an automatic device for creating and supplying credit and capital to operate the productive organization when private savings shall have been dissipated and destroyed, and private capital and credit resources exhausted. The State is now accumulating a gigantic capital fund in its own hands through a comprehensive system of compulsory saving in the form of taxes on wages and payrolls, now covering more than half the working population. Through this system of forced saving the State will be able

not only to make the aged and the unemployed dependent upon it, but also to provide employment compulsory upon worker and employer by acquiring controlling ownership of business concerns, or lending them working capital under specified conditions regarding wages, salaries, working hours, and management.

Another New Deal course which is startlingly Fascist in its analogies is its trade-union policy. By encouraging and assisting John L. Lewis to build an officially-supported union movement in opposition to the non-governmental A. F. of L., Dr. Roosevelt is treading a pathway which has been blazed by Hitler and Mussolini. Both of these dictators, in their march to power, found it advisable to attach Labor to their régimes by destroying the independent trade-union movements, and by replacing them with semi-official labor bodies. In Italy, for instance, it is interesting to recall that *Il Duce* employed Edmondo Rossoni, former Italo-American IWW leader, to perform a role in some respects identical with that which Lewis is now playing in America.

Certain it is that the intrusion of the State into industrial relations, which Dr. Roosevelt is now attempting, strikes fatally at the self-governing, autonomous unionism on the pattern of the old A. F. of L. It substitutes unions which are

created by the compulsion of the State for unions which are voluntary and self-directing. Such hot-house unions can be little more than a political arm of the State. Their victories are illusory. What the State has given, the State can take away. It was the haunting recognition of this peril which inspired Samuel Gompers to wage his lifelong battle for a self-sufficient trade unionism. In two years, Dr. Roosevelt and Lewis have succeeded in undoing Gompers' life-work. They have inextricably connected the destinies of American unionism and the New Deal régime, and they have thus doomed the future of autonomous unions.

This breaking down of trade-union independence is a far step toward the collectivist State. With acquiescent unions, wedded to the paternalistic ideology, there is now no effective barrier to the institution of a Fascist system of State control of industrial relations. Probably Dr. Roosevelt has never actually contemplated the full implications of the policies which he has inaugurated. But they are inescapable. The creation of a "kept" Labor movement has everywhere been an intrinsic part of the Fascist technique of government.

Whether President Roosevelt has consciously planned this vast Fas-

cist mechanism for the collectivization of America is, historically speaking, unimportant. The fact remains that the mechanism is now here. The processes which it has set in motion will go on until they have extinguished private enterprise. No considerable body of public opinion is willing to oppose them. The stage is set for American Fascism, just as implacably as if the hand of a black-shirted scene-shifter had directed the events.

IV

Probably what has hitherto obscured Dr. Roosevelt's Fascist significance in the public mind is the fact that his huge electoral majority embraces the whole Left-Wing. With both the Socialist and Communist groups fervently battling for the New Deal, it would seem grotesque to suggest that the régime which they are helping to create is advancing head-on toward the Fascist State.

The contradiction, however, is more apparent than real. Basically, it arises from the widespread popular misunderstanding of what Fascism is. Because Fascist and Marxian parties have stood in bloody antithesis to each other in every European country, it is insufficiently realized that both move-

ments are pointed toward a collective social order. Fascism as well as Marxism is implicitly anti-capitalistic. In its full maturity, it is as lethal to the free enterprise economy as Socialism.

President Roosevelt serves as the bridge between these two alternatives. His New Deal represents a sort of blurred, social no-man's-land between the capitalist past and a future which may be either Fascist or Marxian. It is a social revolution which has not yet defined itself. Its importance lies in the fact that by weakening free enterprise, and by exalting the economic authority of the State, it is hastening the condition of social unbalance which makes either culmination possible.

It is probable that neither Dr. Roosevelt nor the Marxists and anti-Fascists who so confidently support him, have thought through the full implications of the existing situation. They are content for the present to act unitedly, even though their motives are startlingly unlike. Dr. Roosevelt — always the political tactician — is willing to profit by a situation which, at the same time, gives him the support of the Sidney Hillmans, the Abraham Cahans, and the Earl Browders of the Leftist camp, and of the James H. R. Cromwells, the

Thomas J. Watsons, the Jay Franklins, and the Hugh S. Johnsons of the nascent Right. And the Marxians, imperturbably sure of their ability to ride the storm when the eventual New Deal break-up arrives, are content to support a transitional Roosevelt régime which is steadily broadening a State authority that they purpose to use themselves for their future proletarian dictatorship. That it is conceivable that the crisis, when it comes, may overwhelm them, and that actually they are fabricating a power which may handcuff them in an Americanized Fascism, does not seem to occur to the overconfident Marxian mind.

An elementary knowledge of post-war history, however, would teach them that there is a haunting precedent for just such a happening. That precedent is Poland. Anti-Fascist discussion usually limits itself to the German and Italian catastrophes, where there was a clean-cut demarcation between totalitarians and Marxists. Not so much is said of Poland, where ruthless and apparently permanent Fascism came in the Rooseveltian guise of a proletarian victory, and with the deluded support of the Polish Socialists. When Pilsudski, in 1926, executed the *coup d'État* which transferred actual authority

from the Polish Parliament to the Marshal of the Army, he was acting ostensibly for the parties of the Left. His justification — reminiscent of countless Roosevelt speeches — was the necessity to strengthen the State to defend the “people” against the “reactionaries”. The Socialists and the trade unions, which could have halted him, eagerly aided his coup, and hailed his subordination of Parliament as a Labor triumph. Today Pilsudski is dead, but the authoritarian machinery which he created is in the hands of the anti-Socialist, Ridz-Smigly, and Polish Marxism has lost its battle for the future.

It is conceivable that some such incredible political blunder is now being perpetrated in America by an anti-Fascist Left which is cheerleading for the aggrandizement of the Presidency. An anti-Fascism which acquiesces in the degradation of Congress and the emasculation of the Supreme Court will have only itself to blame when it finds these bulwarks powerless to protect it in the gale of a future American counter-revolution. The Rooseveltian State, which Left hands today are fatuously erecting, may well become the prison of their Marxian dreams, as well as the grave of American Constitutional democracy.

UTOPIA BY STERILIZATION

By H. L. MENCKEN

DISCUSSING in this place a few months ago the sorrows roweling the great Republic we live in, I ventured to throw out a double-headed suggestion. The first part of it was to the effect that an easy way to reduce those sorrows today, and almost obliterate them tomorrow, would be to sterilize large numbers of American freemen, both white and black, to the end that they could no longer beget their kind. The second part was that the readiest way to induce them to submit would be to indemnify them in cash.

The suggestion failed to fetch any appreciable faction of Uplifters, but it nevertheless had merit, and I accordingly renew it, with variations, by these presents. Not much argument is needed, I believe, to establish the prudence of the first half. We have far too many clients of the New Deal in this country, and they multiply at a rate that must disquiet every solvent lover of the flag. In the sharecropper areas of the South, to cite a salient example, there is prob-

ably not a woman between the ages of fourteen and forty-five who is not laboring, at this very moment, in one stage or another of the sorry physiological process whereby human souls acquire a habitation and a name. The birth rate down in those pious and malarious wastes is precisely what the traffic will bear, and if it were not for the fact that the death rate, especially among children, is also inordinate, the region would swarm like a nest of maggots.

The same mad rush to reproduce goes on in all the other backwaters of the nation, including the slums of the cities. The midwives, in such places, are worked as hard as the sommeliers at a college reunion, and huge gangs of clergy are kept busy baptizing the young. No one, so far as I am aware, argues that this excessive fecundity is a good thing, whether for the high contracting parties, for the poor children they are unable to feed, or for the community in general. Even the moral theologians of Holy Church, though they

still denounce birth control as accursed, have been monkeying of late with schemes to get round their own prohibition of it. The generality of jail wardens, police captains, mental hygienists, coroners, truant officers, and other such experts agree unanimously that it would be a good thing if we could reduce the statistical differential that now runs so heavily in favor of the unfit. If it is maintained indefinitely, there will be a wholesale degeneration of the American stock, and the average of sense and competence in the whole nation will sink to what it is now in the forlorn valleys of Appalachia.

There are, plainly enough, only two ways to get rid of this differential. One is for the people of the upper I.Q. brackets to develop a birth rate higher, or at least as high, as that prevailing among the economically and intellectually undernourished; the other is for the undernourished to reduce their birth rate to something approximating that of the smart and swell. The first device, for reasons only too apparent, is quite unfeasible. Putting aside the fact that people of active intelligence have too many things on their minds to devote all their leisure to multiplying, there is the further fact, supported by plenty of biological evidence, that

easy living reduces fertility, and that, in consequence, the women of the upper classes, even assuming that they tried their demnedest, could not hope to match the records of their underprivileged sisters. The mechanism of this reduction is as yet not understood, but there can be no doubt that it exists. Whenever and wherever the standard of living rises, the birth rate declines, even in the complete absence of contraceptive enterprise. It may be because vitamins are poisonous to the germ plasm, or because soap and water suffocate it, or for some other unpleasant reason. So far, no one can say; but the statisticians are all sure that the decline is a reality, not only in Christendom but also among simple savages. Thus it is counsel of despair to urge the upper classes to exert themselves more assiduously. As well urge them to jump over the moon. Take away all the mechanical and chemical contrivances with which they now flout the mandate of Genesis I, xxii, and they would still lag behind the lowly.

We are therefore thrown back upon the device of bringing down the birth rate among the latter, if any rational equilibrium is ever to be established. How is it to be done? One way, as we have just

seen, would be to raise the standard of living among them, and that way has been suggested, in fact, by more than one Uplifter, though not for the reason that we are here considering. There are many practical impediments to its execution. For one thing, it would cost an enormous amount of money—indeed, an amount so vast that even the non-Euclidean mathematicians now doing miracles at Washington would probably be unable to raise it. For another thing, there is some doubt that a lift sufficient to achieve the business would be endurable to its ostensible beneficiaries. Even assuming that it would make them less fecund, it might do it by wiping them out altogether. This is not hollow theorizing, but a deduction from actual experience. There is plenty of reason to believe that the sharecroppers of the South, if provided with decent food to eat, could not eat it and survive. They have been bred on hog meat and corn pone for so long that their systems have lost the capacity for assimilating better victuals. Whenever one of them lands in a Southern hospital with pellagra, which is very often indeed, the doctors teach him the use of those better victuals, and send him home with a diet list. But though it calls for

only such foodstuffs as are easily obtainable in his native wildwood, he almost always goes back to his hog meat and corn pone, and in a year or two he is down with pellagra again. It may be, in fact, that the disease has become natural to him, and even necessary to his metabolism, as gout was natural and necessary to the five-bottle men of a century ago.

Moreover, the other changes in habit that go with becoming civilized are almost as unpleasant to the victim, and maybe almost as dangerous. It is the theory of the Uplift that everyone would be healthier and more comfortable in a better house, but experience proves that it is by no means invariably so. Some years ago a gang of wizards established a colony of model farms in Western Tennessee, and stocked it with bumpkins recruited from the adjacent wilderness. Every farm was seated on good land, and in every farmhouse there were all the conveniences of civilization, including electric lights, a telephone, a washing machine, a mayonnaise mixer, a bathtub, and a full set of the annual reports of the Secretary of Agriculture. The idea was that these bumpkins, so outfitted, would gradually metamorphose into high-toned subsistence farmers,

and become a credit to their country and one of its glories. What actually happened was that they quickly returned to their native barbarism. In a few years the hogs were rooting under every farmhouse, all the machinery in it was out of whack, the fields were given over to scrub corn and Jimson weeds, and the annual family wash was being done again in the crick. It was a terrible experience for all concerned. The wizards saw one of their noblest enterprises knocked galley west, and its beneficiaries suffered a kind of torture comparable to that of going through a stone crusher. The more faint-hearted fled to the mountains at once, and there resumed their tribal way of life; the more resolute hung on until the colony had been reduced to something that met their ineradicable notions of the seemly, the comfortable, and the beautiful.

In brief, trying to change the *mores* of morons is just as hazardous as trying to change the *mores* of actual savages. Every schoolboy knows what missionarying has done to the poor anthropophagi of Central Africa and the islands of the South Seas. By the power of the Gospel they have been dissuaded, in most cases, from going naked and devouring one another,

but only at the cost of wrecking them. Once healthy and happy in their flimsy breech clouts, they now groan and pine away in their flannel union suits. Once well-fed upon a diet to their brutish taste, they now starve upon banal canned goods. The birth rate among them continues high, but the death rate equals it everywhere, and in most places exceeds it. Their souls have been saved, but their miserable carcasses will soon vanish from this earth.

II

Civilizing the sharecropper, white or black, would probably have the same effect on him, just as it has had the same effect on the Indian. But the process would not only be immensely costly, as I have argued, but also revoltingly cruel, as I have demonstrated. It would involve the slow and painful deaths of hundreds of thousands of poor persons who, however stupid they may be and however mephitic, are nevertheless God's creatures, and what is more, free citizens of the United States. To have at them with machine-guns would be far more merciful, besides being cheaper. But having at them with machine-guns would shock the moral sensibilities of the whole human race,

including even Hitler and Stalin. Tender-hearted persons would rush into the courts asking for injunctions against it, and judges delicate enough to grant them would be readily found. Thus the enterprise would be tied up, and its discussion corrupted and made insane by politicians, theologians, labor leaders, and other such rogues.

The easy way out, and at the same time the humane way, would be to sterilize the males of the present generation, and so cut off the flow of their congenital and incurable inferiority. If a beginning were made with all the adults now alive, there would be an immediate and immense decrease in the production of subnormal children, and if the males now in infancy were tackled as they reached years of virility, there would be another decrease, amounting almost to 100 per cent. No damage, within their own definition of damage, would be done to these martyrs to elementary eugenics. The operation that is favored by the overwhelming preponderance of genito-urinary opinion would not give them any pain, it would not affect their potency in any degree, it would not incapacitate them for work, and it would carry no more risk of death or serious injury than the operation of pulling a milk tooth.

Most important of all, it would not unfit them in the slightest for the exercise of their marital rights under the *Corpus Juris Canonici* and the Constitution of the United States. On the contrary, that exercise would be facilitated, if only by removing the fears which now harass and dissuade the parties of the second part.

That these fears are very real and very unpleasant must be well known to everyone who has taken the trouble to make discreet inquiries. The fact that the wives of the hillbillies of Appalachia are incessantly gravid is certainly not to be accepted as proof that they have an insatiable appetite for children. Their lives, in truth, are made miserable by the dread of pregnancy, and they devote a large part of their small ingenuity to trying to ward it off. To that end they resort to all sorts of dangerous practices, mostly of small effect. Every drugstore in the Bible and hookworm country carries a heavy stock of abortifacients, and the midwives of the region do as brisk a trade in interfering with delivery as in furthering it. The notion that only women who read Proust and drink vermouth try to evade maternity is sheer nonsense. There is quite as much effort in that direction, and perhaps a great deal

harder effort, among women on the dole. More intelligent than their men, as all women are more intelligent than their men, the wives of Moronia shrink alike from the agonies of parturition without competent assistance, and from the brutality of bringing more and more children into a world that can only use them badly. If they had their way their contributions to the birth rate would be no greater than those of the graduates of Vassar, and maybe much less.

Unfortunately, there is no convenient and certain way for them to reduce their output. Abstinence is as difficult in Moronia as it is in Miami or Hollywood, and, despite the tall talk of the birth-controllers, there is no known contraceptive that will work every time, even in skillful hands. In the Southern mountains the favorite device is the prolongation of lactation, but there is a natural limit to it, and beside, it shows a high percentage of flat failures. There remains only sterilization. Should the women submit to it? For one, I think not. They have suffered enough already, without being exposed now to laparotomies, with attendant pain and danger. In the male, sterilization is a simple and harmless operation, but in the female it

is serious, and may produce very unpleasant results. Moreover, there is a biological — even, indeed, a eugenic — objection to any such wholesale obliteration of fecundity at its source, for the women of the lower orders, as every historian knows, occasionally benefit the human race by departing from the strict letter of their marriage vows. At least one very eminent President of the United States is said to have owed his existence to such a false step by one of his grandmothers, and it is possible that, if the whole truth could be unearthed, he would be found to have colleagues. Adultery, in fact, has probably done the human race quite as much good as harm, despite the abhorrence with which it is necessarily viewed by all husbands and other chaste persons.

No, the extinguishing of the moronic strain should be confined to the males. Their potentiality for harm is vastly greater than that of the females, as anyone may discover by a resort to third-grade arithmetic. They escape all the unpleasantness ordained by Genesis III, xvi, they have only a small share in the nurture and policing of their children, and, as the laws now begin to run, they even unload the support of their families upon the taxpayer. It would be im-

possible to imagine creatures whose cares and responsibilities were smaller; even a tomcat is hardly more free. Too stupid to make their way in the world, and having nothing to give it in return for life save a heritage of incompetence and misery for endless generations, they may surely be called on without injustice to yield up their one indubitable talent. Surrendering it will leave them precisely as happy as they are today, and perhaps a great deal happier. And their betters will be relieved for all time of the burden of their diseased, stupid, wretched, and hopeless get.

III

In some of the States, laws have been passed providing for the sterilization of such polluters of the race, and those laws have been upheld by the Nine Old Villains of Capitol Hill. Unfortunately, they all fall short of disposing of the evil they are aimed at. In general, they apply only to persons who are defective in some gross and melodramatic way — idiots, the insane, habitual criminals, Communists, and so on; the vast majority of the inferior are beyond their reach. Plainly enough, they do little good. Idiots and criminals do not issue only from idiots and criminals;

they issue also, and on a much larger scale, from the common run of nitwits. In California the authorities have sterilized thousands of the former, but the number of the latter appears to be undiminished; in truth, there is good reason for holding that it is larger than ever before. If all the lunatics in all the asylums of the country were sterilized hereafter, or even electrocuted, the sharecroppers of Mississippi alone would produce enough more in twenty-five years to fill every asylum to bursting. The one and only remedy is to strike at the source of all incompetence, whether social or economic, mental or physical. Let a resolute attack be made upon the fecundity of *all* the males on the lowest rungs of the racial ladder, and there will be a gradual and permanent improvement. It may not be noticed at once, for it will take some time to work off the damage they have already done, but in the course of two generations it will be brilliantly manifest.

Here, unluckily, we collide with another difficulty. What I have argued so far is subscribed to by virtually all intelligent persons, though many of them, for one reason or another hesitate to say so. But when it comes to applying the obvious remedy, a large num-

ber of them discover impediments. We live, at least in theory, in a free country, and its people have a healthy aversion to laying violent hands on the citizen. The sharecropper, though he may appear to the scientist to be hardly human, is yet as much under the protection of the Bill of Rights as the president of Harvard. He may not be jailed unless he has perpetrated some overt act forbidden by law, and he may not be gelded unless his continuance at stud is plainly and undoubtedly dangerous to society. To grab him on the bald ground that he is an incurable jackass would be revolting to the moral sensibilities of the American people. The theological doctrine of the equality of souls before God has been bred into them, and it would be impossible to induce a majority of them, or even any considerable minority, to repudiate all its implications today. In the long run they may do so, but certainly the time is not yet.

To get round this difficulty I have proposed that candidates for the scalpel be rounded up, not by sending sheriffs, United States marshals, or other such catchpolls after them, but by posting rewards for their voluntary submission. To be specific, I have suggested that the Federal government offer to

pay \$1000 to every adult American who will swear that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, God and Wall Street are both implacably against him, and that he is willing to climb on the table under his own steam. Thus duress is avoided, and no customer will ever be able to complain that he was taken by chicanery or in violation of his inalienable rights under the last two strophes of the Fifth Amendment. What he does he will do as a free agent, and every attention will be given to due process and just compensation.

The one error I made was in setting the ante too high. I have since been informed by reliable correspondents in the sharecropper areas that an honorarium of as much as \$1000 would cause riots and bloodshed in those parts. So many candidates would rush up, howling for the money, that the government surgeons would be swamped. Worse, the sudden appearance of so much cash in a region unaccustomed to it would dislocate all the normal processes of trade, and probably cause a local inflation of dangerous proportions. Yet worse, all the crooks in the country would flock down to practice their art on the beneficiaries, and in six weeks the latter would be stone broke and demand-

ing more. In brief, I am told that to give a sharecropper \$1000 in a single lump would be almost as hazardous as giving him a machine-gun. While it lasted, he would be on a lunatic jamboree, and when it was gone he would be incurably anti-social, and a menace to all orderly government. Even his pastors, so I am told, could not be trusted to keep him from engaging in disorders approaching the revolutionary. Indeed, most of his pastors would go to the barricades with him, bellowing for more and bigger operations, and in general kicking up a dreadful mess.

I accordingly reduce the honorarium to \$100, and am willing to reduce it further to \$50 or even to \$25 if the consensus of local opinion so advises. In Mississippi, where the annual cash income of a sharecropper is said to be but \$32, \$50 is a large sum, and will suffice to recruit many thousands. But it is not so large that it will certainly demoralize and ruin its recipient. Making him rich for the nonce, it will still leave him under the necessity of working, and after he has spent it he will return to the plow. Best of all, it will not so bedazzle him and his friends that they will overlook the real benefits flowing from his acquiescence. His

popularity socially will not be a function of his wealth only, but will be grounded also on his disappearance from the ranks of disease and sorrow carriers. His wife, in particular, will be relieved of her present uneasiness in his presence, and his family life will thus increase in peace and dignity. And if he has no wife he will find himself regarded with less fear and more respect by the generality of females. All in all, there will be a psychological gain to the community that will go far beyond the monetary benefit to the individual, and in that gain, of course, the individual will have a large share. As the population gradually diminishes, the whole aspect of life will improve, and a happier people will not need the powerful stimulants—for example, lynchings, Holy Rolling, and the consumption of white mule—which now serve to take their minds off their troubles.

I add one more amendment. There is no reason why the cost of this great moral enterprise, at least while it remains experimental, should be thrown on the taxpayer. It is a proper subject for private philanthropy, and no legal impediment, so far as I know, stands in the way. Any American citizen is free at this minute to destroy his

fecundity at will, and any other citizen is free to aid and encourage him to do so. I therefore suggest that some well-heeled lover of humanity come forward with a donation to start the campaign. Let him put up \$50,000 to spread the news from end to end of the Bible country, and another \$50,000 to indemnify the first 1000 or 2000 candidates. The birth-controllers already have an effective propaganda in operation, and it is possible that they may be induced to lend it for the purpose. All that is needed is a beginning. Once the first brave squad of bounty-men returns home, and reports begin to circulate through the *Frauenzimmer*, the pressure upon the laggards will become so enormous that only

a few irreconcilables will be able to hold out. The experimental fund will suffice to purge and uplift half a county; ten or fifteen million dollars would be enough to rescue the whole of Arkansas.

Here is a constructive suggestion that meets the exacting standards of both Rotary and the Brain Trust. It promises to bring the blessings of the More Abundant Life to thousands of unhappy and despondent people, and to head off an infinitude of even worse unhappiness and despondency hereafter. Certainly it is cheap at the price—immensely cheaper on all counts than supporting an ever-increasing herd of morons for all eternity. I dedicate it to my country.



A POET TO HER TANGLED VERSES

By JOYCE SMART

BRIGHT Pegasus eludes the verbal rope,
That I, with trembling fingers, and with hope,
Knotted, to fling about his restless head—
The rope lies tangled at my feet instead.

PROPAGANDA FROM SPAIN

BY FLETCHER PRATT

SINCE that sultry day in 1914 when Gabrilo Prinzip pushed through a crowd to fire six shots into an archduke's automobile at Serajevo, no series of events has come before the public on which accurate, detailed reporting of the news is so important as the present war in Spain. Now, as then, the action is so remote as directly to affect hardly any American; now, as then, the President has proclaimed a rigid neutrality and the government has exerted itself to keep Americans and American interests away from the seat of trouble; yet now, as then, the propagandists are smoking things up in the direction of a Holy Crusade for Democracy.

At least twice already the Spanish struggle has shown signs of developing into the Second World War — a war in which, fundamentally, the United States has no interest. And in this respect, one thing is certain: if this great and gullible nation manages to stay out of the mess, it will be no credit to the newspapers. The alert and in-

telligent reader of our daily journals may realize that the United States has no affinity either with the clerical high-binder Franco or with the three Left-wing elements (farther Left even than the Soviets) who are united in nothing but their opposition to him. But the average reader is neither alert nor intelligent. And the record shows that the newspapers are now feeding America a steady diet of propaganda. The most Conservative journals have reported on the Spanish conflict from a point of view almost as prejudiced as that of the Communist *Daily Worker*.

Consider the case, not of the ordinary daily, but of the New York *Times*, whose home office is adorned with a bronze tablet promising "To give the news impartially, without fear or favor, regardless of any party, sect or interest involved". More than any other paper in the country, the *Times* has a stake in, and reputation for, an almost colorless objectivity in the presentation of news. It is a wealthy publication, able to

maintain three special correspondents in Spain; it subscribes to every press service touching the troubled Peninsula, and buys special stories on the war when and where it can procure them. Yet the *Times* has succumbed to partiality with the rest of the American press, succumbed even while printing next to its columns of propaganda the statement of a distinguished English eye-witness of the fighting (Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott) that "the only lesson of the Spanish war is the power of modern propaganda". The whole story can be found within the files of the newspaper itself. Little annotation is needed: the *Times* convicts the *Times* both of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*.

When the Spanish revolt broke out, the *Times* gave it wide coverage and an objective press in accord with tradition. The first dispatch concerning the outbreak came from a Madrid correspondent, William P. Carney, on July 18 and 19, 1936. This dispatch said the revolt "was quickly smothered in Seville"; that Morocco "had been recovered"; and denied that General Franco had joined the Rebels. It was printed by the *Times* with a preliminary note that the news had been passed by the Madrid (Red) censor, and was interlined

by parenthetical paragraphs quoting Associated Press reports from Gibraltar to the effect that the Rebels were in complete control of Morocco, with all army garrisons of Andalusia in their ranks and Franco at their head.

The method used in handling this first day's news was followed and developed until nearly the middle of August, during which time no paper could have held more exactly to the line of neutrality than the *Times*. Carney remained at Madrid, sending dispatches from Red headquarters; another correspondent (Kluckhorn) was rushed up from Gibraltar to Seville, then the Nationalist headquarters. Their dispatches were published in parallel columns, and whenever the dispatch from either man contained assertions that disagreed sharply with the agency news dispatches, the *Times* interrupted, as on the first day, with a parenthetical paragraph setting forth the dissenting view.

August 12 appears to have been the critical date. That morning Kluckhorn reported from Seville that he had seen twenty-six German and six Italian airplanes, with ground-crews from those two countries, tuning up for use by the Nationalists. This story received a three-column head on page one of

the *Times*, quite crowding from the picture Carney's dispatch on what one would have thought a matter of some importance — namely, that the Reds had bombed Cordoba with guns and airplanes, the first time that either side had admitted using these weapons against civilian populations. Also driven from the center of the picture was a cable from Barcelona announcing that Anarchists had taken possession of the Palace of Justice there and begun shooting people by drumhead court-martial, and an AP dispatch from Berlin, setting forth the German government's view that it would be dishonest to enter a European neutrality agreement unless it were "totalitarian" — that is, drawn to exclude from Spain foreign men, money, and materials as well as foreign arms.

The arrangement of these four stories, with the one indicating Nazi participation in the war at the head, certainly might pass for a matter of editorial judgment as to the relative values of different dispatches; so might the fact that on the following day the *Times* became editorially indignant over German planes in Spain, though no comment was (or had ever been) offered on the Nationalist statement that French volunteers

and bullets were already on the other side in considerable numbers. In fact, this editorial was the only sign of bias for several days to come, and as it is the specific business of editorial writers to be biased one can hardly cavil.

On August 16, however, came a long dispatch which had been smuggled through the Madrid censorship, probably by Carney, though it did not appear over his byline for obvious reasons. It revealed that Communists and Anarchists were in complete control of so-called "Loyalist" territory; that they had shot 733 (by count, probably more) priests, Rightists, and Royalists without the formality of trial during the first three weeks, and that the executions were continuing at a pace that made the slaughter of the French Revolution look tame. This was big news and the *Times* shot it to the top of page one under a big head.

The publication of this unfavorable reflection on the noble Reds probably gave the *Times* the unpleasant taste of denunciations from the Left-wing elements which had by now identified Franco with Fascism because of his Italo-German support, and protests from a considerable number of important advertisers and subscribers,

not at all Leftist in politics, but bitterly opposed to Nazi-ism for racial and sectarian reasons. There is no other available explanation for what happened in the editorial rooms commencing on the following day, August 17.

That morning, the *Times*' lead story said San Sebastian feared a general massacre when the "Fascists" entered the town. There were two remarkable things about this dispatch. One was that it carried a date-line from Hendaye in France, the communication point between the Northern Reds and their Gallic sympathizers. Since the beginning of the revolt the *Times* had indicated its suspicion of news from that source by carrying Hendaye dispatches in the back pages; now such news had the lead and without any parenthetical paragraph that would suggest doubt of its veracity. The other remarkable thing was that the *Times* for the first time editorially applied the name *Fascists* to Franco's forces. Throughout July it had never once called them by this name, and on August 11, had given prominence to Franco's denial that his men were Fascists and had described in detail the steps the Nationalist leader had taken to avoid either the appearance or the reality of Fascism.

The same day a parallel column was headed, "Rebels Slaughter Badajoz Leftists; Execute 1200". Surely this gives the picture of an indiscriminate massacre. Reading the news story, however, one discovered that "witnesses said that all militiamen and government soldiers found with arms and suspected of having partaken in the fighting were immediately shot", and "in each street there were barricades and each was heaped with corpses". Now a Red soldier with loaded weapons in his hands and entrenched behind a barricade may be suspected with some reason of having partaken in the fighting, and "execute" is hardly the verb an impartial mind would choose to describe what happens to a combatant found in such a place when a conquering army fights its way into a city. What made the story odder still was that it was dated from Lisbon; if any witness of the previous day's fighting in Badajoz arrived there in time to file a dispatch, he must have had wings.

From this point onward, the *Times* capitulated completely. On August 18 a headline announced "German Marines Land". The story revealed that one platoon had landed to assist the evacuation of fifty foreign civilians (including

Americans) aboard a German destroyer at Iviza — not in the least the un-neutral act the headline implied. Yet a day later when the French permitted a Red ammunition train to cut across a corner of their territory into Irun around the Nationalist siege-lines — partisan-ship with a vengeance — the *Times* buried the story on an inside page under a small head that failed to indicate its content.

This new manner of presenting “all the news fit to print” was now fully under way; it has not been changed since. The instances given so far are merely the beginning and typical cases: a search of the *Times*’ files will reveal added instances on almost any day. Such news-treatment emphasizes dispatches of two general types — those recounting Red successes and those chronicling Nationalist atrocities, especially when the latter can by any stretch of the imagination be attributed to Germans. Is this propaganda?

II

To continue with specific examples, note that the Nationalist city of Toledo has been captured on five separate occasions by the impartial *Times* and Cordoba thrice, though the Reds have not yet entered

either town. Parenthetical paragraphs almost never appear to indicate that any of these reports come from unsupported Red sources. Yet a curious sidelight on such reports of victories, offensives, and captures, is thrown by the *Times* dispatch from Valencia, the Red capital, on June 14, when the conflict had been going on for nearly a year. “For the first time since the civil war started,” says this dispatch, “government troops are genuinely on the offensive” — an offensive which apparently amounted to no more than the others, for the *Times* does not again mention it or its results.

What might be called the paper’s favorite publicity thesis — that Franco’s crew are Fascists, working primarily for the Nazis — is driven home by repeated emphasis on the Italo-German connection and by subtle headline exaggerations of the importance of that connection. There are two striking examples from early in January. The *Times*’ New Year’s Day head proclaimed that “Spanish Rebels Expect Big Forces From Abroad”; the dispatch below remarked simply that Franco expected reinforcements, which might be coming from Morocco or the moon for all the man on the copy desk of the paper really knew about it, and

went on to state the Nationalist claim (ignored by the headline writer) that Madrid had been held by the Reds only through the aid of foreign troops. On January 10, the veracious *Times* finds "Britain Working With France to Check Germans in Morocco" on page one; not until January 15 — and then in a single paragraph inside the paper, part of another story and with no headline at all — is it admitted that there are no Germans in Morocco and that none ever were there.

On the other hand, stories indicating that the Reds are not fighting for Noble Democracy are often played down, relegated to inside pages under insignificant headlines. *L'affaire Carney* is a pertinent example. Following the August 16 explosion, his Madrid correspondence, which had borne an accent of reality, suddenly became all hearts and flowers — no more descriptions of executions, very little of fighting, but disquisitions on the spirit of the people, what they had to eat, and the fine appearance of the Loyalist soldiers; in other words, the same sort of predigested hokum that was fed to America so liberally during the World War by "front-line correspondents". Whether this change was due to editing by the Madrid censor, by the *Times* copy desk, or

by Carney himself, anxious to preserve a whole skin, is not clear. Probably the last; on December 7 he reported he had not dared challenge the censor in a town where so many men had been shot for lesser offenses. At all events, that his correspondence did not present a true picture of events as the *Times* man saw them was established upon his return to New York and by a dispatch which preceded him from Paris, in which he said roundly that "all semblance of democratic . . . government has disappeared from Spain", and that the Russians were running the show, with the Soviet ambassador sitting in at all Cabinet meetings. To give the *Times* due credit, it printed this dispatch *in extenso*. But when the correspondent arrived in New York at the turn of the year, he attended a lunch at the Rotary Club and remarked that "perhaps most of you have been led to believe that a war between Fascists and democracy is being fought in Spain. But I can tell you that however Fascist General Franco may be, he is not opposed in this war by politically, impartially-minded, democratic anti-Fascists. Americans whose sympathies are with the Popular Front government because they believe it upholds purely democratic ideals have been purposely misinformed

and misled". He went on to say that the Valencia government was in the hands of three violent and mutually contending bands of terrorists — Trotskyists, Stalin Communists, and Anarchists; and that they had shot thousands of their opponents without trial, including five members of the previous Lerroux Socialist cabinet. Now this was sensational news in view of generally prevailing opinion, and especially for the *Times*, since it came from their own man who had been in Madrid since the beginning of the war. And what happened to the story? It received three short paragraphs at the bottom of a page devoted to the acts of the New York State Legislature, the story consisting mainly of the quotation given above and another paragraph in which the *Times* said Carney had given "what he called a newspaperman's impartial view".

In other words, the *Times*' copy desk did not choose to believe the *Times*' correspondent when he said that the Reds had been guilty of savage mass-murders, which they covered up while accusing the Nationalists of the same crime. Six months later, on June 3, Alvarez del Vayo, the Red delegate at the League of Nations, set them right on this point. He, said the *Times*'

Geneva correspondent, gave a luncheon for newspapermen at which he "made no excuses for the brutality and massacring by government elements which had occurred during the first six weeks of the insurrection. As a Spaniard he was ashamed of these incidents". But he was ashamed of them in a single paragraph on an inside page under a head which described him as being anxious only to have a World Court inquiry into Nationalist bombings.

The *Times*' headlines have been so blatantly biased that, extraordinary to say, Left-wing groups in the United States have actually utilized them for ballyhoo purposes. *Photo-History*, the new picture magazine which seems to be sympathetic to pro-Communist causes, documents its recent Spanish War issue with reproductions of *Times*' headlines and news stories. Facsimiles are scattered generously throughout the sixty-four pages of this pictorial compendium in which the Reds are consistently portrayed as noble defenders of Democracy and the Nationalists excoriated as Fascist murderers. A foreword to the volume of propaganda photographs reads as follows:

The Editors of *Photo-History* wish to state that the New York *Times* in its

coverage of the Spanish War has not only had correspondents on both sides of the Civil War but has throughout maintained its tradition of impartiality. The Editors of *Photo-History* assume full responsibility for the selection of headlines taken from the New York *Times* appearing in this book.

Such a testimonial, coming from such a source, is *prima facie* evidence of the manner in which the *Times* has slanted its dispatches.

III

The evidence in this case of biased presentation of news would not be complete without reference to "The Massacre of Guernica" — a phrase which bids fair to become as prominent in the Radical vocabulary as The Scottsboro Boys, or Save the *New Masses*! On April 28, in a two-column page-one head, the *Times* proclaimed that Nationalist airplanes, mostly German, had bombed to destruction the open and undefended town of Guernica, a historical spot of considerable beauty. On May 1 there was a page-one story to the effect that Goering had sent the star pilots of the Nazi air service to Spain for the special purpose of wiping the town off the map. On May 2, somebody put the matter up to the Nationalist General Mola; he replied that on the day of the alleged bombing it had been rainy

with low clouds, and that his aviation was not even in the air. And the *Times* gave the Mola interview two paragraphs on an inside page under a one-column head. On May 20 came a dispatch from Carney; he said refugee residents of Guernica had seen no Nationalist airplanes, but a great many members of Anarchist dynamiting squads who had gone through the town, blowing up and burning everything in sight, as was their usual procedure on abandoning a place. On June 7, he followed the Nationalist army into what was left of Guernica, and went through the place thoroughly; found the most severe damage in those suburban villas outside the town which would be missed by air bombers, and "unmistakable evidence of dynamiting and fires started by the retreating Basques, while there were hardly any signs of damage from shells or bombs". As usual, this dispatch appeared on the bottom of the page, inside.

On the same May 20, while Carney was reporting Anarchist terrorism in Guernica, the lead story on page one was a dispatch from Steer, with the Reds, who reported that the Nationalists had the day before bombed three more defenseless towns, Munguia, Plencia, and Maruri. Four days

later, however, the *Times* printed a map showing all three towns forming part of the "Iron Ring" of fortifications around Bilbao, which the newspaper itself had previously reported as being stripped of population, with houses along the line converted into machine-gun nests. Contrast this with May 16, when there was a dispatch from Nationalist sources saying the Reds had bombed Saragossa, killing 100 civilians. It was allotted an inch and a quarter of space on an inside page, under an insignificant headline.

The point is not whether the Nationalists bombed Guernica or the Basques dynamited it. The point is not whether Franco is an ogre out of a fairy-tale and the Reds defenders of the only true brand of democracy. The point is that the *Times* has sworn to give the news impartially; that the news is contradictory, even when filtered through the best minds the *Times* can find; and that the paper seems to assume that all Nationalists are liars and all Reds truthful, and prints the news accordingly.

It is not the old newspaper complaint of a statement being news and a denial non-news, but of the deliberate emphasis of all that favors one side. The process is shown telescoped together in a

single day in the *Times* of June 11. A two-column headline carried the news that the Basque Catholic clergy had sent a delegation which personally presented to the Pope a letter protesting the Nationalist bombing of defenseless towns, including Guernica. The dispatch was from Steer in Bilbao and stated without quotes (that is, on Steer's own authority) that the bombing planes machine-gunned the civilian population as they fled the besieged town. Down in a corner of the same page, two paragraphs stated that the Vatican declared no delegation of Basque clergy had called there, nor had any such letter been received.

Perhaps it would not be fair to the *Times*, if it were any other paper, to mention the sinking of the Nationalist battleship *Espana* in this category. Every journal in America attributed the loss of the ship to a Red air attack in big headlines—in the case of the *Times*, a three-column banner. The only dispatches on the incident came from Red sources, and there was no doubt of the ship having been sunk. It is particularly difficult to get accuracy in such matters during a war. But the *Times* long ago made special preparation for the avoidance of just such inaccuracies; it maintains contact with naval ex-

perts who have served on battle-ships and have seen them bombed. From the files of the newspaper the editors could know that the Basques (who allegedly sank the ship) had only observation planes carrying light bombs, quite incapable of sinking even such a twenty-six-year-old crock as the *Espana*. Yet the *Times* swallowed the Red dispatch whole, printed it as indubitable fact, and waited a month till Sir Samuel Hoare made a statement in the British Parliament before it admitted (inside page, one-column head, as usual) that the *Espana* had been sunk by a mine and not an air bomb.

The same case of either not using its own expert information or of concealing it (one cannot tell which) is visible in the *Times'* handling of the bombing of the German battleship *Deutschland*. The day the news came to America, the *Times'* headline apologized for the Reds with the *ex parte* remark that the ship "Was Accused of Opening Fire on Aircraft", and two days later an editorial pronouncement declared that "Responsibility for the death of more than a score . . . of German sailors . . . is not clear". Not clear! Naval experts, if nobody else on the paper, know that 6:30, the hour of the bombing, is a free hour aboard a

warship when the crew lounge about the deck; that the *Deutschland's* anti-aircraft guns are mounted in heavily armored turrets, and that no one bomb in the world could have caused 106 casualties in her crew had they been at action stations, firing at aircraft.

On May 14 came another case of phoney editorial "experting" from the *Times*. The page-one story concerned the explosion involving the British destroyer *Hunter*, caused, according to the *Times'* headline, by "Mine, Torpedo or Bomb", with just below it the Valencia government's statement that "the disaster was caused by a torpedo launched by a German submarine", in support of which the Reds and the *Times* presented the fact that "the *Hunter's* bow showed gaping holes on both port and starboard, indicating a missile had passed through the vessel". Again, American naval experts could have informed the editors that a torpedo explodes on impact, lacking the power to pass through any medium more solid than water. Not till June 10, in a dispatch from London, which received the usual interment on the inside of the paper, did the *Times* admit that the reports of torpedoing "had been dispelled on investigation" and that the accident was

unquestionably due to a drifting mine.

Another fine case of terrorism was blazoned to the world from the *Times*' first page on May 19, when the headline remarked that "British Refuge Is Reported for Basque Officials as Franco Says He Will Kill Them" — a positive statement by the paper, quoting nobody. It takes close reading of the dispatch to discover that "Basque official sources" said, via Hendaye (parenthetical question — and how did Basque official sources communicate with Hendaye? The only cable runs to London, and if they were using radio, why not to Madrid, Bordeaux, or even across the Atlantic instead of to the Left propaganda center?) — via Hendaye, that Franco had notified them he would kill them when he entered Bilbao. If Franco really said that, he apparently did not mean it, for the *Times* dispatch of June 22, reporting the capture of Bilbao, made no mention of the massacre which Basque official sources could hardly have missed had it occurred. In fact the only cold-blooded death sentences reported by the *Times* (May 22) were imposed on two captured German aviators found guilty by the Reds of "rebellion and murder". Five days after Franco's alleged bloodthirsty threat, on the

usual inside page reserved for anything favorable to the Insurgent cause, the *Times* was good enough to report that the Nationalist generalissimo had sent forty-six foreigners captured while serving in the Red armies to their homes, each with a new suit of clothes and 500 francs — rather an odd commentary on "Franco Says He Will Kill Them".

IV

Nationalist ruthlessness popped up again on May 27 when a sensational front-page headline told *Times* readers that REBEL PLANES SHOOT DOWN A FRENCH TRANSPORT LINER IN ATTACK NEAR BILBAO, with a subhead below saying, "Woman Is Injured". Pretty bad? Turn back the *Times* file to May 23; buried on an inside page under a one-column head announcing a "Loyalist" offensive (they are always "Loyalists" to the *Times*, never "Reds", "Communists", or "Anarchists", though the two latter parties divide ninety per cent of the seats in the Spanish Cabinet) is an item worth quoting. "Fifteen Spanish government planes flew to the defense of Bilbao today. (They) had been forced down by bad weather on Monday in French

territory. French authorities . . . permitted them to take off." In other words, four days before this attack on a peaceful French air liner bound for the besieged city, fifteen planes of approximately the same type and coming from the same direction had turned out to be Red warships of the air. No hint that the French action in permitting the fifteen to take off again (the Swiss and Dutch interned fighting aviators who landed in their countries during the World War) was anything but strictly neutral; no hint that Franco's aviators might have had difficulty distinguishing one plane headed for Bilbao from another.

Just two days later, the Nationalists are getting after the British again. A two-column, page-one headline reporting a Nationalist air raid on Valencia stated, MISILES HIT BRITISH SHIP. The dispatch reported: "Seven members of the crew were killed and eight injured when bombs dropped by the air raiders struck a merchant ship flying the British flag, said to be the *Cabin*." But that same day the British Admiralty, confirmed by *Lloyd's Register*, said there was no British ship called the *Cabin*, and that the ship bombed had probably been "the Spanish (Red) freighter *Kardin*, known to be in

Valencia harbor". The *Times'* copy-desk man who wrote the head over this story had the Admiralty's statement before him; the paper printed it lower down in the same column; and that copy-desk man must have been aware that the average reader does not go far beyond the headlines.

Air bombings generally seem the special pet of the propagandists. A new angle, presumably illustrating Nationalist ineptitude and ferocity, was injected on June 11, when a *Times'* front-page headline told how Franco was bombing his own towns. The dispatch itself was on an inside page, date-line Valencia, which, as the Red capital, would presumably be extremely well-informed about what was happening behind the Nationalist lines. It said Medelin, Mengabril, and Don Benito had been bombed by Nationalist aircraft. A map shows all three places so far within Franco territory as to carry an assumption of sheer insanity in any such bombing. Next morning the Nationalists were at it again, this time bombing their own towns on the Bilbao front, far in the north, through the medium of Steer's daily dispatch. There was no subsequent denial of either incident, but it is surely a remarkable coincidence that the same number of Nationalist planes

should appear over the same number of Nationalist towns on successive days and treat them to a trainload of high-explosive.

On June 17, there was a column-length "eye-witness" account of the bombing of Bilbao, picked up from the English *New Statesman*, which told of squadrons of German aircraft raining death on the town and also introduced a few more remarks about Guernica. The *Times* gave the source, but failed to remark on what hardly any American reader could have known — that the *New Statesman* is a Left-wing paper in its own country, and any eye-witness account printed in it is self-earmarked as propaganda. If the *New Statesman* is to be quoted as a news source, then why not the *New Republic* or the *New Masses* right here at home?

And on June 24, the German whipping-boy came in for another beating when a headline across three columns of the front page announced that REICH AND ITALY QUIT PATROL; NAZI SHIPS MASS OFF SPAIN. The dispatch confined the "massing" of Nazi ships to a mention that the battleship *Admiral Scheer* had been ordered to the Spanish coast, the *Times* apparently forgetting that two weeks previously it had

announced the *Deutschland* returning to Germany and that the new ship was merely replacing her. But this was not all; page 11 on the same date carried a Paris message saying that France also was pulling out of the "neutrality patrol" off the coast of Spain, a fact of which the headline carried no intimation.

But perhaps the most flagrant case of all concerns the thousands of Germans and Italians about whose presence under the Nationalist banners the Red propagandists have been bleating ever since August 12, when they discovered it gave them a good press in America. On May 24, England proposed to the warring Spanish factions an armistice to enable the withdrawal of foreign volunteers on both sides. The outcome would appear to indicate that the *Times* had been taken in by the continual wails that the Nationalists were using many foreigners and the Reds almost none; it sent the story of the armistice proposal to the top of page one so that there must have been some unpleasant moments among the class-conscious members of the Newspaper Guild when the Nationalists accepted the English proposal while the Reds refused. But the *Times* covered up pretty well. The Reds' refusal was

given half a column with an elaborate explanation of how the Reds were winning the war and an armistice at this time would halt their march to victory. The Nationalist acceptance was noted in an eight-line item on an inside page. When Franco confirmed his acceptance of the idea in a written interview, his confirmation was smothered under a head declaring that "Franco Bans Agreed Peace", on the ground that in the same interview the Nationalist general had declared his intention of not making a permanent treaty with Spanish Communists.

It is worth noting that most of the instances cited above cover a stretch of less than fifty days; any fifty-day period since August 12, 1936, will furnish just as revealing a record of news-juggling. It is also important to re-emphasize the fact that the instances of propaganda cited in this article are not aimed specifically against the *Times* or in favor of Franco's party. As nearly as can be made

out through the war-clouds, Franco is merely a Latinized version of Huey Long. And the *Times*, of all American newspapers, has been the most generous in reporting the Spanish war. It has printed interviews with two distinguished Englishmen who advocated Franco's cause; late in June it carried a dispatch, in good position, throwing doubt on the idea that Guernica had ever been bombed from the air; it keeps the capable Carney with the Rebel forces, and when there is no important bit of propaganda from the Red side in the day's budget, often runs the lead of his article on page one. Yet for all this, the general trend is heavily toward one-sidedness; and when the most impartial of newspapers turns partial, what can we expect of the rest?

The problem is much more important than the *Times*. It involves this blunt question: is America to be drawn into the next world war by the same purposeful propaganda which pushed it into the last?

I DO NOT LIKE MY CHILDREN

BY A MOTHER

I AM THE MOTHER of four children. For twenty years I have squeezed myself dry for them. I have shed my own life—which was dear to me—without having time to be sorry because I was shedding it. I have been obliged every day to strip off bits of myself—with which I was unwilling to part—and give them to four individuals for whom, viewed objectively and not possessively, I do not care. Today, for the first time in twenty years, I have been left at home without them, and hence am able to disassociate myself from the maternal point of view.

"It must be terribly lonely in your house," neighbors said to me when the children actually were gone, all four of them, to school and college.

"It's really rather restful," I replied cautiously. But what I wanted to do was to dance, to crash cymbals, and to praise the Lord.

For twenty years, I have done the impossible. Crisis-after crisis has come up in our family and the

issue—what ought to be done—has been clear. And impossible. But I have done it. And now, I have had enough. I want a little respite from performing miracles. As far as I am concerned, if every one of the children should come to me (but they won't) and say, "Good-bye. We are ready to live our own lives now without any help or advice from you or Dad," I should reply: "Farewell and God be with you!"

Not that I regret having had them. I know the experience of bearing children is the ultimate experience for any woman. Without this, a woman is only half a woman and knows it all her life. Nor do I regret the years in which I have poured out myself for them. That is part of motherhood. It is the cycle of destiny into which a woman moves the instant her first-born is laid upon her arm. I shall continue to pour—and try not to pour unwillingly. What honors come to them come, vicariously, to me. I shall help them to be honored. But — *I don't like them.*

Looking with an honest perspective at George, at Alicia, at Rannie, and at Seavie, I am forced to admit that I find not one of them fundamentally generous, appreciative, stimulating, responsive, or—to me—necessary. Let me present them to you, in capsule form, as I have known them for twenty long, weary years.

George

With his birth that first year, life became centripetal. There was only one pivot, George. He was an extremely homely baby, but he was absorbing. As I look back I wonder if he was not born with spectacles, with a bulging forehead, and if his first words were not a query about the cubic density—if there is such a thing—of milk. Because he has turned out to be something rather special. His father believes he is a genius—he looks at him with his heart in his eyes. “I should like to have been a scientist myself,” he said to me once, “but my father could not afford it.” His father could have afforded it infinitely better than we can afford to make a scientist out of George. One by one my husband has given up his clubs, his recreations, his hobbies, all his outside contacts, and still George plans to go on and

on, to college and college, getting more and more cubic densities.

He is thrifty in some ways, George, and when he is at home he helps cheerfully—but abstractedly—at building fires and cutting grass, but nothing matters to him except Research. He can’t be thrifty at education. If I met him at a tea I should not feel drawn to him—he would be standing near the tea table, looking inward, paying no attention to anyone, eating the choicest sandwiches as if they were fodder. If I were introduced to him he would bow courteously, pass me a sandwich—probably an inferior sandwich—and not know I was there. If I asked him a question he would nine times out of ten be too preoccupied to answer. I can imagine myself saying to my hostess, “Who is that *strange* young man?”

Alicia

Alicia is eighteen, a year younger than George, and how someone like Alicia happens to be our daughter I have no idea. She is completely frivolous. She thinks of practically nothing except what she is going to wear. She spends literally hours at her dressing-table, dreamily combing her permanent and trying on ear-rings. I

think a monograph could be written on a baby's first words — several times I have noticed they are prophetic. The first words Lish linked together were when I was buttoning her into a new smock. She said *pitty dess* — and pretty dress, ever since, has been her theme song.

Some of my friends say Lish is just the kind of daughter the mothers dream of having — pretty, popular, well turned-out. She is not, however, as pretty, as popular, or nearly as well turned-out as she would like to be. She thinks that she is a paragon of virtue and domesticity because she helps with the family mending (if urged and urged again) and occasionally runs a mop and duster about the house in a preoccupied way, pausing at every mirror. She thinks that Rannie, our second son, should wear George's old clothes, and Seavie should wear Rannie's, and that I — my life being definitely over — should wear any old rag at hand. Everything new should be bought for her, the one and only beautiful daughter.

Alicia, my dear, if I should meet you at tea, weaving between the mirrors and the Princeton freshmen, I should edge away and talk to that girl in the corner who has a humorous twinkle in her eye and

whose face — I saw it — was wet with tears during that Tschaikovsky symphony.

Rannie

Rannie is sixteen. I can't write with assurance about Rannie. I don't know my second son. Between squeezing ourselves to educate George and dress Alicia (and later to keep Seavie, the youngest, alive), we have neglected Rannie. We really don't know him. Last Summer, realizing this, I decided for once to scrap the rest of the family and take Rannie for a short trip in our old car and get acquainted with him. But it was too late. The family of his best friend had rented a castle in Ireland for the Summer. (Apparently there are no houses in Ireland; everything is either a castle or a shanty. I have never heard of an Irish house.) They wanted Rannie to spend the Summer with them — it meant no more outlay than a third-class steamer ticket and some spending money. Still it looked impossible. He had to go — it was an Experience. He couldn't. He did. Then, on his return, he was at home only a few days before going back to school and I understood him less than ever.

If I met Rannie at tea I should

scarcely know he was there and he would not know I was there. (How odd to admit that if I were not his mother, he would not see me. Not ever.) He is interested only in his contemporaries. His life centers on "The Bunch". He is easygoing, affable, a little dull — we have no points of contact.

Seavie

Seavie, born an angel, metamorphosized into a fiend. He is nearly ten years younger than George and as a baby he was a cherub — pink cheeks, merry black eyes, and hair brushed up in yellow curls. For the first time I had only *one* child in the nursery and I loved it. The first day he went to school, in shorts and blue jersey, my heart was wrung. Yes, my heart was leaden as I watched him trudge eagerly away from me, between Rannie and Lish — almost as if I knew what was in store for him.

Every parent shuddered during the infantile epidemic that year — and yet I felt, as millions of other parents felt, it could not touch *my* children. No! I was like a young girl who knows that, in the natural course of events, all other people will die, but not she. Never she! Death cannot touch her. My children are all healthy, I said to

myself; they have never had a really serious illness, and I shall take every precaution. Even when a child in Seavie's school came down with infantile and the school was closed I knew Seavie was protected — he was mine! I turned him out in the sun to lose any germs he might have. When he contracted a snuffle, a temperature, and a headache (I was watching him like a hawk) I said it was only a cold. And when the doctor (I had the doctor at once) sent the specimen to the Board of Health and the word came back like a sentence of torture, I said *cases are light this year*, it won't amount to anything, he is so healthy. But in the ambulance on the way to the hospital, all this was lost on the wind — all that Seavie had been he no longer was. Black in the face, fighting to breathe, his throat and lungs closing as we watched him, he reached the respirator just in time, just before he strangled.

Life became a nightmare. Twice a day I went to the hospital, down the infantile wing, hearing the rhythmic thud-thud of those respirators like torture machines from the Inquisition. For my husband and myself nothing now existed but Seavie — the other children were not. Family, business, home, all other responsibilities were not.

The respirators on either side of Seavie were filled and vacated, filled and vacated. Seavie stayed on and on. Day in, day out, he lay unconscious. The machine breathed for him, nurses fed him with a tube. Except for his small heart, which beat steadily on, he could not be called alive.

The expense was terrific—we scarcely realized how it was mounting until my dearest friend, God bless her, who is Seavie's godmother, came to see me and said that she and her husband had planned to leave Seavie \$5000 in their wills and would like to offer it now. It was a hard decision for my husband and me to make—to take Seavie's patrimony without Seavie's consent—but there was no other course. None. Hundreds upon hundreds of dollars melted like a handful of snow in the sun.

But the day came at last when Seavie stood on his two pipe-stem legs in his own home and walked into my arms. He bore a scar on his throat, his shoulders were as narrow as pokers, and he was so thin that when I bathed him I had to go out of the room to wipe the tears from my eyes.

The aftermath of his illness no woman can understand unless she has had a child who has recovered from a desperate case of poliomye-

litis. The months and years when we had existed only to answer Seavie's slightest wish, when he was the center of the universe, when to cross him in the very slightest way was utterly unthinkable, made of him an egomaniac, a despot, and a terror. He gave away the entire stock on our pantry shelves to children going on a picnic. When his father would not buy him a bicycle, Seavie stole one from a store. I angered him and he threw my engagement ring down a drain. I would not let him burn leaves on the lawn and he set fire to a neighbor's house. And when I remembered what he had been and what he had suffered and what he had lost, and saw him standing by the window at dusk, tears in his eyes, watching the other children do things he could never do, I felt helpless.

Little by little we had brought him back to a semblance of health—hours upon hours of exercise and massage—and now slowly we brought him back to a semblance, but only a semblance, of decent behavior. This year we had arranged to send Lish to junior college after her four years at high school, and I had expected to devote myself to Seavie. His godmother came and said to me: "You are making this back-breaking effort to send the

three oldest children away to school and the one who needs it most is staying home. I want to send Seavie away for a year and see what it will do for him. He is strong enough to stand it now, if he goes to a small school not too far away. It looks to me like his only salvation. Let him stand on his two feet, a boy among boys, and be judged for what he is — and if the boys don't like what he is, he will know it. He can't go through life expecting everyone to make up to him what he has lost."

Seavie went. And the house was empty for the first time in twenty years.

II

My life had been so filled with the children I was almost afraid to face it without them — could I, after all these years, find a life of my own? How could I face each day without demands of: Mother, where are the blue socks? . . . The white slip didn't come back from the laundry. . . . Everybody else does, why can't I? . . . Mother, what am I going to do?

I had always felt contempt for those women who, insisting they "give up their lives for their children", really demand more than they give, demand, in fact, every-

thing, who batten on their children, drain them mentally and spiritually and physically, insist on sharing their experiences and have none of their own. But now I was afraid.

But the first morning I was alone, the very first, I knew I need have no fear. The house was mine. I belonged to myself. There stood the piano, waiting, expectant — nothing kept me from it, nothing could call me away. The whole lovely bright morning was a gift. Live it, drain it, as though it might be my last on earth!

I play to my husband now in the evenings while he sits by the fire and smokes. He is proud of me again, me as a person, I mean, not me as a *materfamilias*. Three mornings a week I work with a friend who is a concert singer. She tells me frankly she can get better accompanists and that because of my years away from the keyboard I never can play for her in public, but that for rehearsals she likes me better than other accompanists. Now again I am doing my part in civic organizations that I consider worthwhile and for which I have had no time and no energy. Life flows quiet, full and good.

And yet it is by no means severed from the children and their cares and responsibilities. Not a

day passes that I do not write a letter to, for, or about one of them. Their engagements with the dentist and the oculist have to be arranged, their week-ends, chauffeuring them here and there, their washing and mending and shopping.

Each one makes a demand or presents a problem in every letter—all except George who does not write. And soon they will be coming home for their first vacation. It will be wonderful, my friends say—they envy me, the older friends who have passed that phase, the homecoming of the children for vacation. Perhaps it will be wonderful when they come—but it will be far more wonderful when they go. I want it to be over. Soon!

I shall be proud of George when he tells his father his marks in his monthly exams, what the physics professor said to him, how he is in line for another scholarship—but never a total scholarship. My eyes will follow Alicia proudly, for she

is graceful and well turned-out and so different from me that, in a way, she charms me. I can always feel puzzled that I begot this paragon of permanent and swing. But when she passes a mirror I shall shudder—one mirror, Alicia, not *every* mirror. Rannie will make us laugh with tales of school, his life in which we have no place, and I will wonder what he is, really, he who was a part of me for years. But I shall not wonder long for he does not interest me, as a person. My eyes will fill when I look on Seavie—but when he calls me names and steals my property (and he will) my heart will harden against him.

I shall want to be alone again with my husband and his pipe. And myself. I no longer want to be drained, squeezed, torn off in little bits by these children. Because, viewing them as individuals, not as units in my family, I *do not* like them. If I could have had my choice, I would not have chosen one of them for mine.



INDIANA'S MAGNIFICENT McNUTT

By JAMES STEVENS

ETIQUETTE ranks close to murder and kidnaping as a subject of hot news in the newspapers. One notable example was the case of Dolly Gann; another the famous affair of the green pajamas in which Huey Long first achieved all front pages. Similarly, the Hon. Paul Vories McNutt has at long last won nation-wide renown, in an affair of etiquette. As the new High Commissioner to the Philippine Commonwealth, he recently issued a ukase on precedence in public toasts and thus assured himself of front-page fame. By this time even the political reporters in Washington have heard about the Indiana dictator.

This same McNutt has been a figure of real political significance for years, as was Huey before he discovered the publicity value of green pajamas. It was news of some sort when McNutt's gubernatorial candidate ran ahead of Dr. Roosevelt in '36 by a large number of votes. Again, it was news of a kind when such potent Democratic bosses from the South as James V.

Allred and John C. Ehringhaus declared for McNutt as the Presidential candidate of the party in 1940. News, but not such news as murder and etiquette provide. Not news which bugs the eye of the American as he reads, and yanks from him his most soulful tribute: "Boy!"

But now McNutt of Indiana has done better by himself. Despite the heavy cable tolls from Manila, the American people have been given all the details of the High Commissioner's foray into etiquette. They are demanding to know more about this man. THE AMERICAN MERCURY, ever responsive to the soul-calls of the masses, herewith gives them the Magnificent McNutt, with both barrels.

He is indeed magnificent. For that quality he was selected by R. Earl Peters, Democratic State Chairman of Indiana in 1932, as a candidate for the governorship. McNutt was then politically virginal. He was a colonel of the Field Artillery Reserve, dean of Indiana University's Law School, a past na-

tional commander of the American Legion, and he had never run for public office. Hoosier politics had been in the grip of Kluxers and jailbirds from both parties for sixteen years. The Hon. Mr. Peters, himself reputable, needed an unsullied hero as a fitting front for his new organization.

Mr. Peters picked the Colonel-Dean without a second thought. He went on about his business of rounding up a complaisant delegation for the National Convention at Chicago. According to custom, the delegation was ordered to vote for a favorite son, the Colonel-Dean, until a proper deal should be made. Finally, delivery to Farley was arranged. Only then did the Hoosier Hanna discover that McNutt was something more than ornamental. The neophyte had taken command of a majority of the men and women who whooped and hollered under the Indiana standard. McNutt kept them voting for McNutt. He was concerned only with a seizure of power. So to California and Hearst went the glory of the Roosevelt nomination.

Then January, 1933, and the inaugural of Paul V. McNutt as the Hoosier governor. The State was ripe for one-man rule. Public and private finances were crashing un-

der the burden of huge deficits, and a tornado of tax delinquencies and busting banks. Schools were closing, unpaid teachers were organizing hunger marches, the jobless in the industrial cities were roaring for bread and beer, hell was smoldering in the steel mills and already exploding in the coal mines. McNutt went after dictatorial powers, and got them. Within sixty days the new Governor jammed through a reorganization measure that reduced 169 administrative bureaus to eight departments under his control. He machine-gunned on, with a sales-tax law that was soothingly labeled a "gross-income tax"; a bill that revolutionized the State banking system; a law that was to reduce Indiana property taxes \$50,000,000 in four years; a law that gave the State an actual police force instead of a pack of political choreboys; an enactment that buried the State's Ku-Klux bone-dry law and cleared the way for Modification and Repeal; and a slew of measures which knocked down and rebuilt the major State commissions, the system of municipal elections, and the State set-ups for dealing with Depression emergencies.

So much, and much more, before March 4th. Every measure had been in secret preparation for

months and was heaved at a flabbergasted Legislature without warning. The Republicans yelled, and a few Farley-Peters Democrats took walks, but the surprise attacks scuttled all opposition. Each week McNutt "went to the people" via the radio, and every oration produced a backwash of support. The best the rebels and the recalcitrant could do was to stagger homeward, muttering against "the Hoosier Hitler".

Then McNutt went to the people in person, to cap his power. Plain Hoosiers gaped worshipfully at their new *Führer*. They sniffed from him the odors of the bath, and their ears bristled at the elegant rhythms of his speech, yet they yielded him obeisance. The Magnificent McNutt would unbend enough to sit at table and eat ham gravy and hominy grits with the hinds, but he always remained a personage in cutaway and stripes. The brush-poppers could never forget that Colonel-Dean-Governor McNutt was not of their common clay, but few resented him. In the main, when they pondered his presence among them they could only marvel at the inexplicable grace of God.

Does all this seem to parallel the story of Dr. Roosevelt in '33? Well, there were important differences.

No McNutt-made law was declared unconstitutional. And the McNutt fiscal measures not only removed a deficit of \$3,500,000 from the State Treasury, but reduced property taxes by \$50,000,000, and left a treasury surplus of \$11,000,000 at the end of 1936. Schools were kept open and teachers' salaries maintained. And whenever hell broke loose in the industrial centers, McNutt called out the Guard. So there was reason as well as poetry in the tribute of the Hon. James V. Allred in December, 1936:

Where he will go from here will not depend upon his own desires. The people of this country will avail themselves of his surpassing talents, his high ideals, his boundless energy, his radiant personality.

The occasion was a testimonial banquet to McNutt, attended by the 2500 leaders of his State machine, beside the significant visitors from the South and from Tammany. But there were no telegrams from Dr. Roosevelt, and no flowers from James Aloysius Farley.

II

For some biological reason, no other tribe — excepting the clergy and the literary — so runs to baldness, belly, and bottom when age comes on as does the political. But

today, in his forty-sixth year, Paul Vories McNutt could easily hold his own in Hollywood. A pine in height, build, and posture, his kingly frame is crowned with a waving mane of silver hair. A classic forehead descends to coal-black brows and eyes of gunsmoke gray. Nature nearly excelled Phidias in the McNutt nose, mouth, and chin. Only at the jaw lines do the features of the hero display political meat. There, pendulous flesh (perhaps an effect of campaign indulgence in grits and hog gravy) somewhat mars the symmetry of a head that may be destined for postage-stamp immortality.

Yet McNutt the Magnificent is a product of plain Hoosier earth, and so fits the need of democratic legend. His father was an appellate judge, but the country town of Franklin, Indiana, was his birthplace, and he grew among barefoot boys. No stories of moment have come out of his youth. Then, it seems, he was only handsome. At Indiana University the hero's powers unfolded, and he achieved the presidency of his class. A year at Harvard, and he came home with a Bachelor of Laws degree and to an assistant-professorship in the Law School of the State university. There McNutt first demonstrated his abilities as a political strategist,

a master of patient self-advancement.

The facts of young McNutt's coming to power over William Low Bryan, then and now president of Indiana University, have never been told. The McNutt enemies relate a melodramatic story of black intrigue against the then-aged Dean Hepburn of the Law School; the McNutt loyalists give a poetic recitation about ability and virtue meeting a just reward; the truth probably lies betwixt and between. In any case, Hepburn was retired and McNutt was installed in his chair before a thunderstruck faculty could raise a whisper of protest. The appointment stuck.

Concurrently rose McNutt's World War career. Wonderfully made for military regalia, incomparably voiced for patriotic oratory, Soldier McNutt was kept at home to inflame the recruits of the Wilson crusade. At Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Texas, he fairly bounced from a captaincy in the Field Artillery to brigade command, and finally returned to Bloomington with sufficient, if bloodless, glory.

The soldier-professor of the Hoosier groves maintained his Southern connections. Then, when he became Dean McNutt, and State Commander McNutt of the

American Legion as well, he began to spread his plumes abroad. No gathering of patriots was too remote from Bloomington, no teachers' institute was too small, for him to board a plane and sail away to deliver the address of the evening. Schoolmarms all over Dixie, and many at points north, were fevered forever by the ravishing McNutt presence. Likewise, Legionaires in all parts wilted under the prodigal discharge of McNutt vitality, and lost whatever resentment they may have felt at his manly beauty. Voiced like a golden horn, his orations and their delivery memorized and practiced down to every whisper and finger-motion, the hero was at last ready to strike for high position.

In 1928, the National Convention of the American Legion was held in San Antonio. Going down with only the Indiana, Ohio, and Nebraska delegations backing him for National Commander, McNutt came up with the office on the third ballot. More, every awestruck Legion delegate went home with the faith that the new Commander was headed for the White House and would be hard as all hell to stop.

He was. He is. And he will be.

These are bold words, but they are reliable. If I have unloosed a sly Hoosier jeer at the press, it is

not for the fun of it, but because I lived in Indiana throughout the McNutt Administration and realize the man's potentialities. The Washington reporters, meeting him, disliked him or laughed at him. McNutt, physically magnificent, born to rank as he was with hair, parades even when he is sitting down. He can, and often does, speak with the pompous dullness of a general. Somewhere in him there is our old standby, the inferiority complex. McNutt bears a defense panoply. Yet he achieved, and still holds, as much power in Indiana as Huey Long ever held in Louisiana. Within his State he fought and whipped Farley at every turn, yet he maintained a surface peace with Dr. Roosevelt. Hoosier Hitler or not, his administrative record is matchless among contemporary State executives. And I have seen him stand for nearly three hours, before a crowd of 5000 in Gary, and completely dominate an open-forum meeting in which Republican champions stood up and assailed him from the one side, while brawny, hell-roaring Radical steelworkers bawled at him from the other.

But to get back to his story, in 1930, the Indiana Democracy had real hope, for the first time in fourteen years, of driving the Republi-

cans from the lush political feed-runs. The old hacks of the Party burned in hell or repined in jail. The Republicans were sodden from long gorging at the trough, and the Grand Dragons and Kleagles they had hatched reincarnated into buzzards in the popular eye. McNutt, in plumes and shining armor that bore no smear of politics, was anointed by State Chairman Peters as keynoter for the State Convention.

The Hero, according to his custom, carefully composed an oration and assiduously practiced its delivery. I have seen strong men weep from the mere memory of that Keynote Address. Many of the delegates there saw McNutt for the first time. He knew it was his fateful hour. Inspired, he struck all present as a Great Light leaning downward. He held silence until not a breath issued from his audience. Then the golden voice clanged a battle cry:

"We have met to prepare for a change in government and for its restoration to the people!"

As the echo rang, McNutt was made. Patriot Democrats who had schemed and sweated through years of famine for places at the head of the Hoosier trough were forced to stand at attention in the ranks while Boss Peters escorted

the Magnificent McNutt to the front of the feed-line parade.

For two years the Hero seemed compliant in the role of drum-major. Then, at Chicago, in a day, he stripped his baton of its gilt, and revealed a leaded big stick.

When McNutt took sole command of the Indiana government in January, 1933, Peters rebelled and tried to take the State Democratic organization with him. McNutt simply formed all State officeholders into a Democratic Club and prohibited them from contributing to the State Committee. Peters resigned, and hustled to Washington for aid and comfort from Brother Farley. But Senator Van Nuys had already staked a claim on the Hoosier place at the national pie counter.

In 1934, with one Democratic faction supporting Peters for the U. S. Senatorial nomination, and the Van Nuys faction boosting another, McNutt easily nominated his henchman, Sherman Minton. In 1936, the gubernatorial nomination was the State Convention prize. Minton, by now a roaring New Dealer, was bold enough to advance a candidate of his own. Van Nuys tried again. McNutt did not even trouble to endorse officially his candidate, M. Clifford Townsend, then lieutenant-gov-

error. One ballot was enough. The Magnificent One remained the master of all the Hoosiers.

Then, the '36 campaign. The Republicans, hugely heartened by Democratic factional fights, revived the 1934 cry of "Stop McNutt!" So again in Indiana the Rooseveltian New Deal played second fiddle to the McNutt Dictatorship in an election. The hero himself was not a candidate because the Indiana Constitution denies a second term to a governor. Nevertheless, the retiring governor was the central figure of the campaign.

By this time he had perfected his public-forum method of campaigning. Every conceivable question and argument that might be fired at him from an audience had been carefully considered, and answers were stored up for all. Now McNutt the Magnificent was at his best. Standing alone on a vast stage, with lamps flaring upon his towering silver mane, classic features, and pine-like form, his smile as ever a light leaning downward, the muted horn of his voice gently sounding a theme of oracular authority, the Hoosier Hitler silenced all comers. In the final week of October, not three questions a meeting were bawled at him. The crowds but gaped, their ears yawn-

ing, while they heaved with wonder and awe.

McNutt was aboard the Roosevelt Special when it stopped at Gary during the '36 campaign. In the forefront of the station crowd bulged Mayor Barney Clayton, local chief of a Democratic faction that had opposed McNutt two years before. This year he was yet on trial. Fearfully he awaited a sign from the Magnificent One, yielding the President of the United States hardly a glance. At last McNutt leaned from the observation platform and shook the Mayor's hand.

"A nice turnout, Barney," was all he said.

But it was enough for the Mayor. Sweating with relief and pride, he panted to his henchmen: "Did yah hear him, boys? He called me Barney! Paul V. McNutt called me Barney, by God!"

Thus the Hoosier Hitler bestows familiarity as a badge of honor.

III

McNutt, as I have sketched him, is well known to the conservative Democrats of the Old South, and to the boys of Tammany as well, if not to the blithe spirits writing politics out of Washington, D. C.

So does he shine as a shape of hope for Old Democrats everywhere, as they bide their time in the outer shadows, beyond the celestial circle of the New Order. He is adored by the schoolmarms of a thousand institutes and he is revered in as many posts of Legionnaires. For nine years, McNutt has been preparing a drive for the Presidency. If his past performances as a strategist, a master of surprise attack, an organizer and dictator mean anything at all, Paul Vories McNutt of Indiana will either lead or break the Democratic Party in 1940.

His acceptance of the Philippines appointment was unquestionably a part of his strategy.

With an ocean separating him from the increasing misadventures of the Administration, he may remain unsinged by such hell as that which rages about Frank Murphy and menaces George Earle. When the fateful year approaches, or when the party factions begin to yell for a leader who may unite them, then McNutt will come home and place himself in the spotlight. Meanwhile, now that he has learned the trick, he may be depended upon to make news. He will be head man or nothing in Manila. In any event, he will remain magnificent until the earth receives him, and even then the grass will doubtless stand at attention about his grave.



INSIDIOUS PROCESS

BY MARION CANBY

THE straitening of the spirit shows in the face:
These flickering tensions tugging at the eyes,
This narrowing of the lids against surprise,
The stiffening slit of the once mobile lips,
Guarding the sincere tongue from its own slips,
Smiles servile still from what obscure disgrace;
Finally, the hardening of the whole face.

HUSBANDS

BY RUTH PURDY

I. Husband of a Food Faddist

HE sits timidly in a corner waiting for supper,
Afraid to stir
Lest his wife hear the doughnut he shouldn't have eaten
Splash in the coffee he shouldn't have drunk;
For she has a stethoscopic ear,
A fluoroscopic eye.
She controls not only his thoughts and his acts
But also his gastric juices.
All day he has been dreaming of steak and French fried potatoes
But that night he will dream of raw peanuts —
Or because of them.
Poor little suffering Carbohydrate!
He doesn't even dare die
For fear she will plant spinach
On his grave.

II. The Glad-Hander

God planned a world without perpetual motion
But while He yawned on the seventh day
One exception crept in.
It is he for whom conventions are conceived,
Parades spawned, after-dinner speeches invented.
Santa Claus put committees into his stocking
Instead of an electric train.
For any occasion he will get up in his sleep,
Put on his trousers
And slide down the brass pole.
The town couldn't get along without him —
He thinks.

He boasts of his civic duties as a debutante flaunts dates.
"A meeting every night this week,"
He exults to his wife.
She thinks, "What a break for me!"

III. Frugal Husband

She didn't know on their honeymoon
That she had married both a Certified Public Accountant
And Sherlock Holmes.
He delivers lectures on her household budget
Touching on the Gold Standard and Poland's Fiscal Policy,
Resolves her Miscellaneous Account into its component follies
Like a chemical reagent,
And can detect a fingerwave camouflaged as the plumber's bill.
Under his eye, hamburger takes on the aura of *filet mignon*,
And the cost of a pair of silk stockings
Rivals the Federal Relief appropriation.
He tiptoes ponderously around the house
Turning out electric lights.
That's how the cook fell down the cellar stairs.
Years have chastened his wife,
But she can still get mad
When he looks in the icebox to see what became of last Sunday's roast
While he smokes a Corona-Corona.

IV. Still a Sophomore

He wears his old football sweater on Sunday afternoons.
It's shabby and a little tight
But you can see the letter as plain as ever.
Last week the fellow at the next desk got promoted,
But our hero won the hop, skip, and jump at Yale.
He has a feeling if he plays hard enough
The Umpire won't call him out.
He knows the scores of all the ranking tennis players
But not the name of his company's head salesman in Wilkes-Barre
Or the tariff on dressed hides.

Sometimes his wife will look up puzzled
From deciding whether to pay the milk or the gas bill,
And watch him arrange his trophies,
Tie a Silver Hackle,
Or tap a golf ball into the last unbroken highball glass —
As if she were trying to remember
Whether she had married
Or given birth to him.

V. Husband of a Martyr

Neither the tearing at one's vitals by a ravening wolf
Nor burning at the stake
Can approach the sufferings of a querulent woman.
But it isn't the martyr who is thrown to the lions —
It's her husband.
She sits like a spider in a web,
A ganglion of exactions,
While he fetches and carries,
Nurses and panders,
Fawns and flatters
In versatile servitude,
A mate born by Hebe out of Western Union.
"I should never have married you," she reproaches him over and over.
"It is too much."
And one day he agrees.
"Yes, dear, it *is* too much," he says,
Wiping his fingerprints from the gun
Before calling the police.



WHY THE SOUTH HATES SHERMAN

BY PEVERAL H. PEAKE

AT THE END of May, 1864, General William Tecumseh Sherman, then sojourning in Dixie, wrote to his wife:

We have devoured the land and our animals eat up the wheat and corn field close. All the people retire before us and desolation is behind. To realize what war is one should follow our tracks. . . . I know the country swarms with thousands who would shoot me and thank their God they had slain a monster; and yet I have been more kindly disposed to the people of the South than any general.

He had left Chattanooga on May 4, and had hardly begun his famous March; before he reached Raleigh, North Carolina, in April of the next year, the thousands who hated him had increased a hundred-fold. Today, they have mounted into the millions and a myth has been created about Sherman's March to the Sea and its effects, a myth that is probably the most resplendent, satisfying, idiotic, and self-destructive of any that ever arose from the ruins of a burned privy. And the greatest irony of all is that, as Captain Liddell Hart says, Sherman "cared little that his name should

be execrated by the people of the South if he could only cure them of the taste of war . . . for as long as war was regarded as a chivalrous pastime, and its baseness obscured by a punctilious code, so long would it be invested with a halo of romance". The March did bring reality to the Southerners, but instead of being shocked into logical thought, they seized upon the very agent that was supposed to be a cure and built upon it a philosophy of romantic distortion that has been more destructive than ever was the March.

Sherman started from Chattanooga to capture Atlanta. When he arrived in the latter metropolis, he hesitated and talked with his superiors; then advanced to Savannah and afterwards north to join other Union forces. That is the bare outline of the March, but it was more than a defeat of an opposing army and the capture of enemy territory. As Grant wrote to Sherman in April, 1864:

You I propose to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's coun-

try as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources.

Sherman gladly accepted these orders and answered:

I am to knock Jos. Johnston and to do as much damage to the resources of the enemy as possible.

Note the condensation of "war resources" into "resources". He was ready to whip the Rebel army, but his mind was "set on the deeper object of uprooting the economic foundations of the enemy's will and power to resist". At last, the non-combatant South was to know what war really meant. So Sherman began his campaign with the avowed intention of putting the fear of war and Yankees into the enemy; of breaking the South's morale; and of destroying all its war resources.

After deciding what he was to do, Sherman stripped his army for action and made it a flying column of light infantry. His base of supplies would be miles behind, and the enemy might break his line of communications, but as he wrote:

Georgia has a million of inhabitants. If they can live, we should not starve. If the enemy interrupt our communication, I will be absolved from all obligations to subsist on our own resources and will feel perfectly justified in taking whatsoever and whenever we can find.

He captured Atlanta on September 3, 1864, after a campaign that was not the kind the South likes to picture today, *i.e.*, an heroic defense by a few tattered men against a horde in Blue. Although Sherman had about 98,000 troops, the Confederates started with 60,000 and more came, and the Union advantage in numbers was canceled by the fact that Johnston was defending a naturally strong defensive country against a force that was daily farther from its base. Yet Sherman not only defeated the Southern army (while his men managed to thrive nicely on Georgia products) but "flaming houses and barns already marked the beginning of the swathe of destruction which was soon to be cut through the center of Georgia". Perhaps the first reason for the excessive hatred of the March can be found in the ease with which all this was accomplished. A hard struggle like Gettysburg becomes a "moral victory" and can be spoken of in temperate words, but Sherman did his work with an insolent, villainous facility.

By the time he reached Atlanta, Sherman had developed another concept of what the March was to be. (That is one reason why he is hated; the man was inhumanly logical.) Now he writes:

I propose to remove all the inhabitants of Atlanta. . . . If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty, I will answer that war is war and not popularity-seeking. If they want peace they and their relatives must stop war.

And the people did "raise a howl". Speaking for the South, past, present, and future, General Hood called Sherman's plan "studied and ingenious cruelty", and cried: "In the name of God and humanity, I protest!"

A disgusted Sherman then fired the first broadside against the maudlin thinking of the South when he answered:

Talk thus to the marines. [Query: Did the phrase start there?] In the name of commonsense . . . if we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity.

But Hood remonstrated until finally Sherman put a stop to the correspondence in words that further defined his idea of how war should be conducted. He wrote:

I was not bound by the laws of war to give notice of the shelling of Atlanta, a fortified town, with magazines, arsenals, foundries, and public stores. You were bound to take notice. See the books.

After Atlanta, Sherman proceeded to Savannah and then up through South and North Carolina. The March ended with the

surrender of the Confederate army at Raleigh, but the story of the campaign was told in Atlanta, for Sherman had been consistent in his idea of what his March should be. In fact, he reiterated it in Savannah when he wrote of the importance of "deep incisions" into the enemy's country. That he had done exactly what he intended is proven by the words of the Confederate general and historian, Alexander, when he observed:

There is no question that the moral effect of this march upon the country at large . . . was greater than would have been the most decided victory.

Which brings us to two questions that have troubled all historians of the March; namely, the amount of damage involved, and the unnecessary cruelty inflicted. Army commanders certainly authorized the destruction or capture of all military stores, and such acts as the burning of the business section of Atlanta were included in these orders. Then there was necessary foraging in order to feed the marchers. But Sherman's men also helped to save Columbia, and their general did not touch Savannah or obey Halleck's hint:

Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some accident* [italics are his] the place may be destroyed.

Undoubtedly Sherman was thinking of all kinds of damage

when, in Savannah, he estimated the destruction he had done at \$100,000,000. In its march to Raleigh, the army probably duplicated this feat. But such computations are futile; let us put the entire cost of the March to the South at \$200,000,000.

What about cruelty, inhumanity, murder, and rape? Two of these words are utterly indefinable. The South called an act "cruel and inhumane"; William Tecumseh said it was part of war. But of the other acts, Liddell Hart says:

Yet, when the full reckoning is made, the most remarkable feature of the campaign is perhaps that violence to property was accompanied by so little personal violence, and that homicide and rape were almost unknown. In person, indeed, the citizens and women of the South suffered less than from their own defenders. Even Kilpatrick's cavalry were outrivaled by Wheeler's [Confederate] and the ruffianly behavior of the latter caused many a cry to rise "save us from our friends".

Perhaps the questions of damage and of rapacity can best be answered with one statement: The conduct of the Union armies was certainly far less destructive and cruel than that of other invading armies, before or since, who have lived on conquered territory. The rules of war gave Sherman a perfect right to commit all his authorized acts, and a lot more. As for

irresponsible burning and pillaging — well, his men were at war, and when did any sensible person expect vengeful conquerors to behave with circumspection? Sherman might well have growled as he reached Raleigh: "I gave 'em hell, but not near as much as I might have, and besides, they were fighting us, weren't they? What did they expect?"

There you have the famous March of Sherman — a piece of superb military strategy, a crushing blow at the Confederacy, and, as campaigns go, a very humane expedition. But within a year it was called the raid of a frenzied Attila, and today the South still froths when the name of Sherman is raised. The growth of this gory Myth and the inevitable evil influences on the not-too-stable mind of the South can now be studied. But remember one thing: Sherman was at war when he marched. Keep that fact firmly in mind, or you'll be weeping over the ruins of the Culpeper mansion in spite of all that can be said.

II

A myth is a "story, the origin of which is forgotten, ostensibly historical". Change that definition to read, "the origin of which has been

distorted and remembered", and you have the Southern story of the March. Furthermore, the version was developed with the same logic that all illogical people use when they get hold of false but satisfying premises.

Naturally, a vast howl went up when the paroled Confederates came home. The damyanks, they found, had stolen all they could, burned what was left, and jeered raucously when Miz Lulu Belle or Miz Bessie Sue told them they were no gentlemen. No one blames the Rebel heroes and their families for not approving the invasion, but righteous indignation immediately began to give way to an heroic martyrdom which demanded as its basis a magnification of the suffering and humiliations. Of course, all ruined people act thus, but the Southern delusion was different in that it soon dealt almost exclusively with the aristocratic nature of the ruined people and land.

For example, when you hear of the Horrors of the March, you are inevitably told one of a thousand versions of the same terrible story. After she had held the lantern so that faithful Uncle Tom could bury the silver in the backyard, Miz Lulu Belle hurried back to the Big House to confront the Yankee ruffians. Imagine her feelings when

they pushed by her and a brutal officer, probably the son of a Boston shopkeeper, said he and his men were there for the night and where was the food, and they'd take the mules in the morning. His only answer to her remonstrances was the curt remark that there was a war on.

Things like this aren't forgotten in a century, although the memory of stolen cotton bales may fade. When the Dixie gentry were scorned and Colonel Zollicoffer Albermarle became an Enemy, just like the storekeeper and tenant farmer, then the South did shudder, and it has kept on doing so about an invasion that a realistic people like the French would call a Boy Scout hike, or at worst, an American Legion convention. Only last Winter, a grandson of the Confederacy grabbed me by the shoulder and pointed at his son.

"Look 't 'im!" he said. "Jus' look 't 'im! Tha' boy's gra'-gran'daddy wuzn't 'lowed t' set down 't 's own table. Why wuzn't he? I'll tell yuh. Cus sum goddamn Yanks wou'n't le' 'im. They said, 'O! man, you eat 'n th' kitchen'. Tha's th' mem'ry my own son has t' bear all 'is days."

Not only did Horrors of all kinds stalk the magnolia-dotted Dixie countryside, but the legend goes on

to tell of the awful devastation wrought. But again, the distortion is based on the aristocratic character of the old South. All historians agree that Sherman did destroy all the war supplies and cotton he could find, but a romantic South forgets factories and warehouses and talks only of baronial halls and plantations, forever lost. Even though another historian, and a Georgian at that, asserts that only four per cent of the ante-bellum population could be classified as planters and aristocrats, we hear a different story from Colonel Albermarle's descendants. The land, it seems, was positively resplendent in 1864. Then the Big White Houses stood as close together as commuters' homes in Westchester, *circa* 1937, and yet each one had hundreds of acres around it and quarters for the 8,000,000 and more slaves that tilled the fields. Except for a few hill-billies whose grandpappies shot Federals and Rebels alike, every Southerner's kin lived graciously and broadly. And of course Sherman burned the house and took away the Gobelin tapestries, the blooded horses, the Romneys, and the Georgian silverware.

Those two themes — the atrocities and the damage — were woven into a fairy tale that was spreading

before the last of Sherman's men, laden with Persian rugs and family portraits, disappeared down the road. The story was so extremely pleasing that soon the entire South began to accept it. People as far away as Texas and Kentucky began to say that their Aunt Millie May had lost her all in the rape. Up in Virginia, where Sheridan did a little marching of his own, it was agreed that he was just like Sherman, and forthwith the Old Dominion embraced the Holy Legend. Thus, within ten years after Appomattox, all Dixie was telling how its brave and gay plantation-belt had been ruined. Before the war, the South had been acutely aware of class differences: but now, storekeepers, tenant farmers, criminals, and poor whites full of pellagra joined the aristocrats in moaning for a lost Utopia. This transformation of the effects of one military campaign into a gratifying myth is perhaps the most remarkable example of progressive delusion ever known. No one could deny the Horrors of the March without being branded as less than a planter, and by God, Suh, my kin wuz Quality!

Practically all the post-war delusions of the South were based on the same credo of aristocracy. There was the startling fact that

there were no foot soldiers in the Confederate armies; all "rode" with some plumed knight. A cynical Northern historian has computed that Forrest and Stuart alone must have had 400,000 horsemen in their ranks at various times. And then the equally remarkable absence of enlisted men. This, however, was too much for even the South at times, and one man got to Congress on the strength of being the only private in the Confederate ranks. Yet these and other boasts were the logical outcome of the new fervor for gentility that was born with the explanation of the March. And the result of the Myth was just what one might have expected: an innocent delight in romanticism became such a complete mental debacle that the myth-makers soon saw no need for clear, honest thinking. Some of the resultant evils are interesting enough to be analyzed herewith.

III

When the South after the war began to create its new civilization, it tried to build upon the mythical ruins of baronial halls instead of upon small farms and the foundations of industrial cities. Even today, the theorists of the South take their stand for a return to a noble

life their grandfathers probably did *not* enjoy. Then, too, industrialism or even self-supporting small farms were Yankee habits. Grandfather had ridden his acres, and, by God, the sons and grandsons should. So the South struggled to make a dream come true, and when it finally realized the futility and began actually to work, the acceptance of Fate's decrees was half-hearted, and the vision of gracious living became more and more a compensation for ignoble surrender.

The aristocratic South also contemptuously rejected almost all Northern ideas. That in part is why the South has continued to be — in the fields of education, hygiene, religion, science, literature, art, industry, and all the rest — far less civilized than other sections of the country. Not until very recently, in a few isolated centers such as Nashville and Chapel Hill, has the South freed itself sufficiently from the evils of the Myth so that it can begin to think and work in a modern manner.

All this mooning about past glories had subtle effects that did more than distort economic ideas. First of all, only the most feeble-witted Dixie boosters ever succeeded in killing the haunting realization that they were perpetually

lying; as a result, there is a hidden vein of arrogance in them. They seem always to be saying: "Believe me, damn yuh!" So it is that you must not only give lip service to their delusions, but must treat them with a superlative reverence in every social or professional contact.

Life in the South is liable to become either a perpetual battle, a series of evasions, or plain lying in order to keep out of trouble. And even if you do manage to avoid quarreling with the grandson of Colonel Albermarle and his beautiful sister, you will find them highly irrational and unpredictable. Even before the war, it could be said of the South that "its prejudices were its principles"; today, a feverish emotionalism is substituted for calm analysis. As a result, the average visitor to Jasmine Land sees no logic in the way the twentieth-century Confederates arrive at their

conclusions concerning education, justice, public policies, and religion. Anything can happen below the Mason and Dixon Line, and only a Cavalier understands why. The South's apologists assert that it gets results in spite of all defiance of reason, but an impartial observer remains skeptical. After all, there are certain inexorable laws of cause and effect, and even a vivid imagination is no substitute.

Dixie may not know it, but the March to the Sea, or rather its attendant delusions and festering resentments, is not a little to blame for lynchings, the Ku Klux Klan, and other manifestations of unreason. General Sherman and his foragers did more than burn Colonel Zollicoffer Albermarle's "Bracegirdle Hall" and carry away the family Rembrandts; all unwittingly they started the Albermarles and their "kinfolks" on the broad and easy road to vicious thinking.



CREDO OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

FEW men face the necessity of determining for themselves, definitely and consciously, the guiding principles of their lives. Most of us are born to our principles as we are born to our religions: we come to them by inheritance and through environment; we are told what is right and wrong, and even if in youth we rebel, the centrifugal pull of associations keeps us well within the margins of our normal human relationships. I, however, was definitely confirmed in my belief in the capitalist economy and its accompanying democratic, political, and social system while living in Soviet Russia in 1918. There, I saw enough, suffered enough the pangs of revolutionary fervor. A doubter of the virtues of capitalism in my youth, yet a firm believer in democracy, I learned that the loss of the one involved the destruction of the other. I found that the abolition of property rights was accompanied by a ruthless elimination of human rights.

It was another period of my life

—nearly a decade and a half in China and Japan—that made it possible for me to witness the transition from Asiatic feudalism to Asiatic capitalism, a slow and ugly transition. A study of history confirmed the view that as soon as the impact of modern capitalism is impressed upon feudalism, two social phenomena appear almost immediately: namely, the increased rights of the individual man and the increasingly widespread diffusion of wealth. These processes I witnessed in China and Japan—but not in Soviet Russia. In the Asiatic countries, there was emergence from the vicious slavery of feudalism; in Soviet Russia I witnessed a return of the individual to the slavery of a dominant ruling minority.

This Russian experience is the explanation of my almost fanatical adherence to the capitalist system. The latter is the only way of life that I know which not only tolerates but insists upon the freedom of the individual. Yet it is impossible to overlook the disintegration

of capitalism in the United States at the present. The government is using every ounce of its power to smash capitalism and to limit democracy; the agencies of political partisanship support the present Administration in its most anti-capitalistic aspects despite the fact that the activities of the New Dealers have betrayed the history and tradition of the Democratic Party. Even businessmen, financiers, lawyers, and Labor leaders barter principles for momentary gains.

In the face of this phenomenon, I wish to summarize the philosophy of capitalism as concisely and uncompromisingly as I can. What, in brief, is capitalism?

II

Capitalism is the principle of the production and distribution of goods and services by individuals with their own capital and as a result of their own ingenuity. The objective is to make a profit which the investor retains and to which he has a legal right. The same rule applies to wages, which may be spent or saved. If saved, wages may be invested in enterprise to earn a profit. This profit the individual may keep, spend, reinvest, or lose, the decision being within the prov-

ince of his own conscience. Usually, however, such capital is reinvested in the same enterprise or in additional enterprises.

The formation of American capital, the development of American enterprise, the rise in American standards of living, and the general growth of the American nation is due entirely to this process of investing capital, earning a profit, and reinvesting that profit, which thus becomes new capital. The procedure obviously involves risks, but the risks are wholly individual. Just as the profits flow to the individual investor, so do the losses fall upon him. But there are never losses to the entire community under this system; for wealth, once created, cannot be destroyed except by wars and revolution. If wealth is consumed in one form, its equivalent appears in another. The farmer, for example, grows wheat and that is consumed in the form of bread. But the equivalent for the wealth that was wheat returns to the farmer not only in the form of money, but in the form of numerous commodities and services. His equity in the wealth that he produces increases as the general economic level of the country rises. Should a loss be entailed, that means in reality a transference of wealth from one individual to

another, or from one group to another.

This manifestation of capitalism — the profit and loss phase of the distribution of wealth — is the stimulant for economic activity. It stirs men to take risks which otherwise might be avoided. And risk has, more than any other single force, been responsible for the development of technological process. Risk is responsible for the widespread use of electricity. Risk is responsible for the automobile. Risk has created a million-and-one commodities that make for the comfort, convenience, and improvement of the race.

The market is the stage upon which capitalism plays its drama. Here goods and services are bought and sold; here the flow of money is swift or sluggish; here prices are set in the relationship of supply and demand. But in other economic systems, the market is dominated by the government. Under feudalism, the lord or the churchman controlled the market. He set prices, determined wages, regulated labor, controlled or prohibited the payment of interest, recognized monopolies. Under capitalism, however, the government's rule in these respects is reduced to a minor one. Certain police powers continue to be exer-

cised, of course, but on the whole the market is free, in the sense that those who are engaged in it enjoy a very large measure — larger than under any other system — of the privilege of independent action based on individual judgment. The government should not guarantee profits or provide safeguards against losses. To do so is to lessen the element of risk — the incentive force that makes for increased ingenuity and productivity.

The law which guides the market under any system is that of supply and demand. But under American capitalism, two new factors have appeared: (1) Mass production and distribution; (2) The artificial stimulation of demands.

Mass production is a system of manufacturing by machinery in which a rhythmic flow of a vast variety of commodities, labor, and services are synchronized in tempo, so that at a given point and at a given moment a finished commodity of high quality and comparative cheapness is produced. The system is premised upon repetitive demand for identical or similar articles, and depends for its economics largely on the element of repetition of its productive processes.

Mass distribution is the movement of vast quantities of goods —

agricultural, raw, and manufactured—from the point of production to widespread markets with speed and a minimum of loss through breakage and rot. This process further reduces prices.

The stimulation of demands is a capitalistic device which arises from the factor of risk. New goods and new services are created; existing commodities are made attractive or are reduced in price so that more may enjoy them. The result is that greater comforts, conveniences, and a vaster variety of goods and services become available for a continually-increasing number of people. No device under any other system has proved so effective as these in raising the standards of living.

III

Labor, under traditional capitalism, is a commodity, its price being subject to the law of supply and demand, its value being determined by the quantity and quality of work which an individual can produce in a given unit of time. Under mass production, Labor as a commodity may lose in value because it may be required to contribute less skill and no tools. Yet when skill is employed, it receives high compensation because it is

more effectively applied and thus is worth more. Strictly, the common laborer contributes to production only his time and a minimum of skill and knowledge.

But in American capitalism, Labor has taken on another role: it is a large consumer of goods and services. Both as to quality and quantity, the American laborer, under capitalism, consumes on a par with the middle classes of Europe and the rich of Asia. Mass production and the stimulation of demands make consumption on such a scale available to the laborer and the farmer. Wages, therefore, are not paid on the basis of Labor as a commodity but on a complex of bases, the principal factor being that an exchange shall be continuously maintained between the laborer in industry and the farmer and other groups of the population.

This principle has resulted in the American wage scale—the highest on earth. Under American capitalism, this scale has not been extracted from the employer by force, but represents a voluntary raising of pay in nearly all industries in response to a general increase in purchasing power. It is American capitalism's fundamental contribution to economic progress, a contribution which has produced the highest living standards known.

Caesar had no motor car; Napoleon no electricity; Queen Victoria no electrical refrigerator. Yet these and a thousand other commodities are in common use among all American economic groups. Foods from all parts of the earth are on the American worker's table: the orange from California, the grapefruit from Florida, coffee from Brazil, tea from China, crab-meat from Japan, cheese from Canada, ham from Poland. And by such measurement, it is indubitably true that the highest living standards exist in the capitalistic countries. The United States, Great Britain, France, the Scandinavian nations, Holland, Switzerland — these are the leading capitalist countries. In them the living standards for each occupational group are higher than for similar groups in countries under other economic systems.

Poverty, of course, continues to exist in capitalist nations. But whereas it is possible in countries which are not capitalistic to point to an entire nation in poverty, under capitalism, poverty may be defined as an out-of-step rise in the standard of living. Marginal groups of this type in America would generally not be regarded as poverty-stricken in non-capitalistic countries. Yet poverty is intolerable

under capitalism because the needy individual is an inadequate consumer. Hence, the constant effort of capitalism to find means for increasing the productive capacity of the poor, so that their purchasing power may be increased. This is accomplished by the development of new commodities and services which provide more work at adequate wages.

Karl Marx predicted that capitalism would result in an unholy concentration of wealth. The basis for this Marxian error was the time of the prophet's existence. He did not know the world in which we now live; he was unfamiliar with corporate organization and its tendency toward diffused ownership; he did not understand mass production and distribution because it did not exist; he was unfamiliar with the capitalistic credit system which permits installment purchases, even of homes.

Factually, capitalism has led not to a concentration but to a diffusion of wealth. In the United States, this is represented by stock ownership in the means of production and distribution, home and farm ownership, equities in life insurance policies, ownership of bank deposits, and other means of possessing wealth. It is true that under capitalism an individual's equity

in property may be very small, but his personal wealth is increased by that ownership, and the total wealth of the nation is thus shared. Such a corporation as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is owned by nearly 700,000 men and women, a diffusion of wealth unknown under any other economic system.

IV

Capitalism primarily seeks a classless society, and its mechanism to achieve this is equality of opportunity. The assumption is that the system offers few impediments to the shifting of an individual from one economic and social group to another. On the other hand, capitalism cannot achieve what the nature of man has made it impossible to achieve: namely, equality. Often equality of opportunity and equality of competence, equality of ingenuity and equality of judgment, are confused. Capitalism's practice is to reduce the impediments to equality of opportunity and then leave it to the individual to find his level.

The history of American progress proves that fewer impediments to equality of opportunity exist in the United States than elsewhere. That they exist at all must be ac-

cepted as inevitable when it is realized that the American system developed from a rigid class-consciousness in which social distinctions were based upon the feudal conception of birth. In this connection, it is noteworthy that capitalism flourishes best in democratic countries. And it is noteworthy also that democracy does not exist in countries which are not capitalistic.

This relationship inheres from the fact that a free economic system requires a large measure of freedom from government control. Thus, in capitalistic countries, the concept of human liberty, of the rights of the individual, of the resistance to governmental despotism, becomes the basis of all political thought. Under other systems, the individual must be prevented from taking risks. The more the State safeguards an individual against risks, the fewer human rights does that individual enjoy, because the government cannot afford the confusion of its purposes by the intercession of individual rights, habits, and opinions.

Democracy is the essence of the development of the human race. It has made man not only politically free, but intellectually and spiritually free. If democracy can thrive only under capitalism, then capitalism must be preserved.

PROSTITUTION LEGALIZED

By PELHAM D. GLASSFORD

THE approach to the prostitution problem in this country is, and has been for three hundred years, medieval. The common attitude is based on canon law rather than on common sense; it treats as a crime against the State an act that is essentially a matter of an individual's adjustment to society; and offers an invaluable *point d'appui* to the forces of corruption and gangsterism. The obvious rational approach through legalization and regulation has been tried several times — during the twenty years of the Story Ordinances in New Orleans, a short-lived experiment in official regulation attempted by St. Louis (1870-74), by the Punitive Expedition in Mexico (1916), and semi-officially by the A.E.F. in France. These experiments succeeded in correcting the most malignant evils of prostitution, and their success definitely suggests the further exploration of this route.

Certainly, legalization in some form seems indicated as the only possibility in an urban, industrial civilization. Absolute suppression

has proved possible only in predominantly agricultural communities where the drive against prostitution is aided by gossip and a powerful religious morality. The prostitution evil from which we are suffering at present is the result of the soured dregs of such a morality, in which the churches, no longer able to hold the individual in line with their ethic, still retain sufficient political strength to prevent any recognition of the actual situation.

That situation is bad enough. Police officials in several cities have declared their conviction that prostitution has never been so rife as at present and have supported their declarations by pointing to resounding scandals in New York City, San Francisco, and Denver; perversion is definitely increasing; gynecologists estimate that one person in six has suffered a venereal infection of some type and offer figures indicating a fifty-per-cent rise in the syphilis rate over ten years; the formidable form of organized crime known as racketeer-

ing has made vice its leading money-maker in a manner strikingly analogous to the taking-over of the liquor traffic under Prohibition.

And as in the case of Prohibition, these lawless intellects have found means effectively to nullify any control. Their most dangerous and probably their most widespread method is that revealed by the Luciano trial in New York City and by the recent San Francisco inquiry. It consists in making prostitution a corporate business, the operating center of the system usually being in a bail-bond establishment. Every bordello in the city (county, State) is brought into the combination by the usual racketeer procedure of intimidation and physical violence; every madam and prostitute pays a percentage of her earnings to the ring, which maintains an interlocking system of executives, lawyers, doctors, purchasing agents, and salesmen.

Compulsion alone would not keep such a system alive; the ring must and does render such service to its subordinates that they find the heavy tribute tolerable. It strives rigorously to eliminate the competition of semi-professional and independent prostitutes; employs salaried booking agents who know the main sources of raw material

(for instance, the depressed mining towns of the Alleghenies and the sharecropping districts of the South), and who furnish the houses with a steady supply of girls of a standard degree of attractiveness, changing them from house to house not more seldom than once in two weeks, to give the customers variety. It maintains (this would be incredible if not so well-attested) regular courses of instruction in various perversions, since the best money-makers are "all-around" or "green dish girls". It offers complete protection against the law — "No girl of mine ever goes to jail," was the boast of New York's vice king, Luciano, down to the moment when Thomas E. Dewey uprooted his whole system. It eliminates competition and dangerous local scandal — Luciano used to close some of his houses for a month or more "to keep the neighborhood respectable". It at least pretends to provide medical service for the inmates, though at one trial it was testified that this provision was more honored in the breach than the observance, and in Memphis the local ring discovered that the diseased prostitute could be turned to advantage by allowing her to inoculate customers, who were then victimized by "doctors" in the gang's employ.

Usually a considerable portion of the police force and several magistrates are tied up with such an organization, but there have been and probably still are, cases in which such a system is strong enough to defy the law. Normally, however, an honest police force is evaded by one of two other methods — the tease-joints and the telephone centers.

The former, a typically American development, avoid the law by not being houses of prostitution but dance halls. Although the hostesses in these places cannot be and are not prevented from making appointments for private outside enterprise, all is decorum within the dance hall itself, especially when there are observers present. The 'phone center for out-of-town buyers flourishes in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other large cities, and is a house of assignation without the house. Known as the "tuxedo trade racket", it consists of a telephone with operator in a small office, the number and its use being known only to a few steady customers and the salesmen for the business. A call to such a number will bring a girl of specified size, blondness, and other characteristics to your hotel or apartment. The 'phone number and the location of the office are changed fre-

quently enough to keep clear of police vigilance.

It is next to impossible to obtain against such institutions evidence that will convict anybody but the girl. For that matter, it is next to impossible legally to secure evidence in any prostitution case; the girl must actually be undressed and offering her body to the complainant policeman when witnesses come into the room. This, as defense attorneys never tire of pointing out, makes the officer rather than the prostitute the actual solicitor. Even such a practitioner as the notorious woman who operated a Scandinavian "massage parlor" in open defiance of the New York police, thrice escaped conviction through such a loophole, and actually secured a court order requiring the police to renew her massage license and cease "persecuting" her.

II

The attempted enforcement of anti-prostitution laws has proved a grotesque travesty. Enforcement never has been possible in a civilization dominated by large cities. As with Prohibition, legalized prostitution is already with us, and in the worst possible form — as incognizable police-made law. In the cities where this illegal legalization

is seen at its best, it is known as the "New Orleans System" (probably because it was never used in New Orleans), and consists in arresting all operators and inmates of houses of ill-fame once a month. Magistrates assess a fine of \$25 for each prostitute and \$50 for each operator; this is an unofficial license fee. Lack of a recent medical certificate, street solicitation, running a house outside the district assigned by the police for the purpose, alleged robbery of a customer (more frequently blackmail to mulct the prostitute) bring an additional sentence of 180 days in jail or an order to leave town.

Obviously, such a system will become ridiculous unless operated with unusual intelligence. ("But mind you, no soliciting," said a magistrate in a small city recently to three semi-professionals whom he released with instructions to return in five days with \$15 each, the amount their resources fell short of the fines he had assessed — which could be interpreted only as a command to become full professionals, secure location in a house, and raise the money within five days.) Obviously, the system also affords boundless opportunities for petty graft unless the police at the center of it are as incorruptible as Robespierre, which is rarely the case.

Graft on a colossal scale is found in cities where prostitution does not receive any official recognition; in San Francisco, a recent grand jury investigation brought out that one officer made \$84,000 "playing the races", another had found \$10,000 in a wood pile, and a third received a gift of \$50,000 from his night watchman father-in-law.

But when confronted with pleas for legalization and control on the ground that suppression is impossible, moralists close their eyes and reply stoutly that centuries of civilization have not suppressed thievery either, and we should continue the drive against the one as against the other.

It might be answered that it is the business of the moralists, particularly of the churches, to render vice unattractive, but there is a case much stronger than this. The basic fact is that the police have no legitimate business in concerning themselves with prostitution at all. In assigning them to such duty, the distinction between matters of morality, which affect the individual alone, and matters of crime, which affect the general safety of the citizen and his property, has been forgotten. There was no such distinction in the now remote period when the effort to suppress prostitution by the arm of the State be-

gan. Like many similar matters (witchcraft, for example) it was forbidden by church law, and the church being at that time established as part of the State, no incongruity was felt in using the police branch of the State to enforce canon regulations.

But the churches have long since lost their official standing and it seems about time to recognize that prostitution is a civil crime only at the second remove; that is, when it subtends some actual crime (pandering, procurement, traffic in narcotics, blackmail, robbery), or when it includes the socially-dangerous element of spreading venereal disease. Such subsidiary crimes could, one hopes, be eliminated under a sensible system of regulation and control, but aside from them, prostitution is no more dangerous to society than wearing a red tie with a dress shirt. Participation in the one affair, as in the other, is a matter of taste; legislation against both is sumptuary, and the whole of history is strewn with the wreckage of such laws.

III

Quite a good case for legalization can be made out on the ground that the churches have so failed in their business of encouraging individual

morality as to entail socially-dangerous consequences. A recent survey among college boys, the class where this morality should be most operative, determined that something like seventy per cent had had sexual experience and that about half these had acquired the experience in the company of prostitutes. The fact that two out of every three prostitutes receiving medical examination showed positive Wassermann's is practically a demand for legal medical control of prostitution, for there is visible no system of suppression that will keep the college boys away from the house with the little red light any more than the police could keep the A.E.F. away from the mademoiselles.

The experience of the World War, by the way, is particularly illuminating. During the training-camp period there was a fairly concerted effort to "keep the boys clean", to the accompaniment of loud cheers from the Y.M.C.A. workers. Secretaries Baker and Daniels closed New Orleans' segregated district with a threat of martial law, two generals of division declared their intentions of having camps moved to a distance unless police chiefs of neighboring towns closed every bordello within their limits, and maiden aunts mur-

mured that everything was lovely.

When the troops reached France, however, they came under a high command indisposed to dissipate its forces as policemen of morals, and less concerned with maintaining church regulations than with the preservation of military efficiency through the elimination of venereal disease. Prophylactic stations were established at every troop center; in some places (Bordeaux, St. Nazaire) a general order required every soldier returning to cantonments after a given hour to take treatment whether he needed it or not. Some units with realist officers in charge (the Saumur Artillery School) went even farther; for them, brothels were set apart under French police and medical inspection, with prophylactic stations adjoining, and in one or two cases, General Pershing's handling of the matter in Mexico was imitated with stockades from which the visitors could emerge only through the prophylactic station.

The fact that there was less disablement from venereal infection in the very large army in France than in the quite small one in Cuba during the Spanish-American War testifies to the value of this method of quasi-legalization. It may contain the germ of a system for the

country at large, though as it stands it is probably a little too cold-blooded for the average citizen.

Indeed, it would be rather difficult to suggest a proper system of legalization. The question is extraordinarily complex and there are no precedents to guide us, for the segregated district method which worked so well in New Orleans under the Story Law seems to have achieved its success largely because it was a city of Latinized tradition in which the memory of the quadroon professional mistresses was alive. Any system attempted must take into account the amateur competition provided by modern moral standards — "These country-club girls are ruining my business," said one of the most famous New Orleans madams as she closed her establishment — and any method of legalization must take into account the fact that racketeers have already gotten into the business and will fight to retain their grip.

But legalization by the responsible lawmaking bodies there must be unless we are to submit to a continuance of legalization through the combination of crooked cops, crooked politicians, and the gangsters who are now using the millions they make out of prostitution to buy protection for far more dangerous enterprises.

THE BRITISH FAIR-PLAY MYTH

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

WHEN an American politician is pushed into a corner, he can usually gain a few lateral yards by quoting George Washington's warning against "entangling alliances". Americans of every stripe seem to agree in worshipping the principle of isolation. The general American indifference to foreign parts is not, perhaps, very defensible, but it has one good feature: namely, that it makes us as lethargic in criticism as in praise. If we do not take the trouble to understand the Briton, the Frenchman, or the Japanese, neither do we take the trouble to damn him. He makes (as far as we are aware of him at all) a picturesque Old-World background for our superbly mechanized life. He enlivens the newsreels and gives to our newspapers a desirable touch of the exotic. Except when his mysterious activities affect our pocket-books, he is welcome to disport himself as he pleases, in his own quaint and alien fashion.

Now, there is a general superstition to the effect that a shared herit-

age brings the British a little nearer to us than other foreigners. The fact that a traveling American can make himself understood more easily in England than in other foreign countries has greatly fostered that superstition. A British coronation, for example, comes a little closer to us than an Italian or a Belgian coronation. British royalties interest us, I believe, more than Balkan or Scandinavian royalties. England still keeps a faint smack of "Our Old Home" (as Hawthorne called it). By the same token, when the British make public fools of themselves, we come nearer being embarrassed than we do when Russians, Italians, or Germans consent to be nationally absurd. Accordingly, the things that have happened in Great Britain during the last six months have really hurt some American feelings — feelings that would have been quite untouched by performances staged along the Danube. In spite of our sense of superiority to all non-Americans, we still expect the British to behave according to our no-

tions of what is reasonable; and when they do not, we are somehow disappointed. It seems to reflect on the family.

Probably the sooner we lose the illusion that John Bull and Uncle Sam belong to the same clan, the better. We have been adequately warned, often enough, by people who really know the British; but the fact that we can land at Liverpool without a dictionary has made us neglect the warnings. Organizations like the English-Speaking Union, too, have done their innocent best to throw dust in our eyes. But nothing, perhaps, could have been more useful to the thoughtful American than the spectacle of British behavior since last December. During that period, the British people have neatly debunked the reputation that they have, for decades, been busily building up for foreign consumption — acting, in the most amazing way, as their own counter-propagandists.

For a long time, the English have been announcing that free speech and fair play are wrapped up in the folds of the Union Jack, and are spread abroad wherever that standard is unfurled. They have been telling us that, even as the Englishman always dresses for dinner in the desert, so he plays cricket as scrupulously in Equatoria as at

Lord's. The continent of Europe has never been too reverent about British sportsmanship, though, since the umpire is usually the British Navy, they have confined themselves to coining and repeating phrases like "a nation of shopkeepers" and "perfidious Albion". In America, British self-advertising has worked better. Therefore some Anglophile Americans were not a little disturbed when, a few months ago, the great British people almost unanimously failed to protest against the sudden abrogation of free speech, fair play, and "cricket". This was really the disillusioning fact: not that a few people in power behaved badly — people in power often do — but that a nation of "sportsmen" (as the British are so fond of calling themselves) should have applauded their bad behavior, and given themselves up, twenty million strong, to an orgy of kicking a man after he was down.

II

Let me say at once that I am not criticizing the British for getting rid of Edward VIII. I do not know the secret history of the abdication; and, if I did, I could probably not apprehend it properly. In any case, being an American, I do not pretend to understand about kings. I

realize, too, that a nation without a written constitution is more to be pitied than scorned. I know, moreover, that the British have never been distinguished for either logic or humor, and that (perhaps for that reason) they pride themselves on their well-known habit of "muddling through". However, the next time a Briton announces that speech is freer in England than in America (citing those Hyde Park soapboxes) and talks about what is and what is not "cricket", I shall be tempted to make some mute, derisive gesture. Why be proud of permitting a tramp to preach anarchy from a soapbox when you forbid a king to state his case to Parliament, press, or people?

No one, I think, who listened to Edward's farewell speech found, either in form or content, anything to criticize adversely. Within a few hours of delivering the speech the ex-King was out of England, headed for Austria. He had solemnly renounced both throne and succession; politically speaking, he had become a private person. Almost as soon as the tears of listeners were dried, the B.B.C. (government-controlled) forbade the manufacture and sale of phonograph records of the speech. Edward had hardly settled in his

Austrian retreat when the Archbishop of Canterbury went on the air to slander him. British newspapers did their best to suppress information about his movements. Meanwhile the Coronation Committee proceeded to imitate the late P. T. Barnum, and tried to "sell" George VI and the Empire to the world by every theatrical device it could muster — from the ritual in the Abbey to Cinderella's glass coach and the Kohinoor. Edward was genuinely forgotten by a people that was dividing its attention between bread and circuses.

After the Coronation was over and the débris swept up, Britons became aware that, all legal obstacles to Edward's marriage having been removed, he would presently marry. His official title (as had been announced soon after the abdication) was H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor. Those powerful individuals who had already deprived Edward, as far as they were able, of liberty, good report, and fair dealing, settled down (the Coronation once accomplished and the Empire saved for Hollywood) to perfect their vengeance. They had, naturally, no difficulty in keeping Edward off the Civil List and flinging him back on his relatives for support. There are always members of Parliament who feel that the mysti-

cal virtue of the Royal Family comes rather high, in cash. They announced that they were going to deprive Edward of the services of an Anglican clergyman for the ceremony; though I have seen it responsibly stated that, as long as Parliament permits the re-marriage of divorced persons, no bishop of the Established Church can forbid a clergyman to re-marry the innocent party to a divorce. I cannot vouch for the truth of that statement and therefore do not know whether the Church did or did not indulge in mere terrorism. The Royal Family also forbade the attendance at the wedding of any member of Edward's family, and extended the prohibition to all individuals in government service.

Then came the most extravagant of all the gestures made with regard to the ex-King: the extraordinary document in which George VI proclaimed that the lawful wife of H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor will not be H. R. H. the Duchess of Windsor. This proclamation was issued just as Stanley Baldwin left office and Neville Chamberlain took over. It was implied that, though Chamberlain approved, the proclamation was really Baldwin's last act as Prime Minister. One almost wishes that Mr. Baldwin had consented to sit in the House of

Lords as Earl of Bedlam. Only thus could a Prime Minister who, in December, 1936, told his monarch that a morganatic status does not exist in British law and that any woman he married would necessarily and automatically take his rank, and who then, in May, 1937, announced that the woman he married did not take his rank — only thus, one feels, could such a Prime Minister begin to explain himself.

III

One can hear plenty of gossip if one opens one's ears to it. One can hear that the vindictiveness of Stanley Baldwin and the Archbishops was heavily reinforced by certain members of the aristocracy who had lost sinecures when Edward VIII decided to economize. One hears that some of the stodgier members of George V's circle resented the fact that King Edward did not seek their dull society. The apportionment of responsibility is the business of clever historians to come. It is not the behavior of the individuals or cliques responsible for all these acts that troubles the American onlooker; but the fact that, so far as we know, no Briton has protested. No Briton — again, as far as we know — has objected to, has

even been ashamed of, the utter abandonment of logic, fair play, and decent manners. The abdication was the affair of Britons alone — certainly no affair of Americans. But when Edward had left England, stripped of everything but his name, completely “down and out” as a political figure, the world at large, I think, would have liked to see him treated with the courtesy and consideration we usually offer to people who have made — however regrettably — great personal sacrifices with no outcry. The kicks and the insults seemed unworthy of a civilized people — and in so far as the British people praised what their masters had done, they participated in the acts they praised.

Some of these contradictions, tergiversations, and quibbles may in the long run be registered as such in British minds. It seems unlikely, for example, that even the humorless English will fail, after a due period of unconscious cerebration, to perceive that for six months Edward was whatever his enemies wanted to think him at the moment. In December he was a reigning monarch whose wife, if he married, automatically became Queen. In May, he was a royal duke whose wife, if he married, did not become a royal duchess. One argument was good to get rid of him with; now,

the opposite argument is good to wound him with. The reasoning by which the government defended itself in this matter was, if anything, thinner than the original logic. The part played by the Archbishops is even uglier. For while it is not part of a Prime Minister's job to be a Christian, presumably Christianity is expected of prelates. History has known many prelates who were anything but Christian, and the Archbishop of Canterbury is not a new type. Religious questions need not — should not — lure us to discussion. But I fancy that average Americans were never so aware as lately of the arrogant absurdities of the English Establishment — just as few of us realized until lately (in spite of Mr. A. P. Herbert) the Dahoman nature of the British divorce laws.

It is none of our business that English Dissenters should be taxed to support the Church of a minority, or that bishops of that minority should sit *ex officio* in the Upper House — but those are not facts that rouse the sympathy of a free people. It is none of our business that a woman cannot divorce her husband, in England, unless a physician examines her and certifies that she is not pregnant — but we cannot quite reconcile such a provision with modern notions of

decency. It is none of our business, again, that the coronation of an English king should be a medieval mystery play with no significance whatever for the modern man — yet we cannot avoid losing a little political respect for a people that really attaches significance to the kind of sacrilegious nonsense that went on, on May 12, in the Abbey. As Mr. Clifton Fadiman has said, “I know of nothing so calculated to make Americans feel a decent pride in the comparative sincerity, simplicity, and dignity of our Inauguration Day ceremonies”.

The Briton is, of course, at liberty to be a mystic in his own way. We cannot complain if, every so often, the British lion goes to sleep and the British unicorn takes over. Only, the English must be prepared for international silence at those times when a fabulous monster is running the show. No one else can be expected to understand unicorn-talk. All tribes, one supposes, have their throwbacks. But when it comes to the management of daily life — social, economic, political — the great powers must judge each other as contemporaries, meeting the problems of today under similar conditions. The English have put about a certain estimate of themselves. In a recent crisis, they failed to live up to that estimate.

Nor was it a case of momentary hysteria. They made an underdog of the most popular man in the Empire, and, after they had got him down, they kicked him, not once but many times. They kicked him over a period of months, and, as far as we know, they have not yet got through kicking him. The Duke of Windsor is not our affair, and we Americans have no right, no desire, to complain of what the British do to him. What we have a right to complain of is any pretension on the part of the British people to being either clear thinkers or good sportsmen. And it is perhaps fairly important for our relations all round that we should see them as they are.

There is a sentence of Kipling's in his posthumously published book¹ which it would do Americans no harm to ponder. In that sentence, Stanley Baldwin's cousin tells us what he really thought of us.

And always the marvel — to which Canadians seemed insensible — was that on one side of an imaginary line should be Safety, Law, Honor, and Obedience, and on the other frank, brutal decivilization; and that, despite this, Canada should be impressed by any aspect whatever of the United States.

The American, musing on recent

¹ *Something of Myself*, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Doran: New York.

events, will perhaps not regret his "decivilization" too much. Kipling did not see fit to mention British hypocrisy, which is almost as notorious as British sportsmanship. Americans are hypocritical, too; but I think we may say that our hypocrisy is never unanimous. There are always a few salty critics in a corner. During the recent

crisis, Great Britain, from Downing Street to the Clydeside, seems to have been unanimous: unanimous in crooked thinking and ungenerous behavior. It is just as well for Americans to realize, when the Anglophiles begin talking sentimentally about "Hands Across the Sea", that the other hand is as likely as not to wear brass knuckles.



THE DEAD CLOCK

By EDWARD A. RICHARDS

THE tick is still, now straight the pendulum
No longer counting seconds. Through the sash
Time rolls unmeasured in a soundless crash
Across the chamber vacant now, and dumb
As the clock unheard by those who never come.
The clock unvoiced has no more skill to flash
Time's voice through space, or mark like dot-and-dash
Time's hurry toward the next millenium.

So then, flow softly, Time, no word be said
By us or the smothered clock within the room;
Flow soft nor let us grieve your non-return.
You are, you live; only one clock's voice is dead;
You live, you are; you carry life and doom,
And soundlessly your cold stars wheel and burn.

CIVIC CRISIS

A Story

By JAMES BOYD

THE row of stores stood sharp and rigid in the Autumn sun. Across the street, the yellow railroad station stuck up by itself, and the bright rails stretched away until they curved around the rows of dead stalks in a cotton field. At this end of the block, a sycamore cast twig-shaped shadows on an iron bench and on a rotund figure. The old black suit was tight and bulky and solemn except for a nickel shield cocked up on the vest above the paunch. It said "POLICE", and winked as it rose and fell with the thick breathing. Under the bottom of the vest, stubby hands were plunged into the waistband of the trousers; in one cheek a quid hung on center, then rotated again. A red eye looked out over this cheek at the slow movement among the stores down the street; people drifting up and down, negroes inching along, looking in the store windows or standing in rows of three or four along the curb. The red eye squinted up severely. Too

many negroes hanging around. Always made out they had some business here in town. They ought to buy their rations and get back across the tracks. One of these days he'd pop down on them.

Dogs were most too numerous, too, he reckoned. Right now he could count seven and a couple of foxhounds. Up at this end, Burley Pellew's pointer was on his hind legs, looking into the trash barrel in front of the Emporium. Tom, the black and white depot dog, and a big kind of bulldog-looking dog named Jumbo, came up to help look. Beyond the filling station, Lawyer Benbow got out of his sedan and went into The Four Square Pharmacy for his morning coke, leaving inside the car that little, fluffy white dog the Yankee woman he had married had brought with her. The peaked white face peered out from behind the glass and Jumbo and Tom and two yellow town dogs came up to look at him.

Down the street, among the people, came the leather jacket and hunting boots that Proc Slosson always wore. Proc marched along straight and chunky, and came on past the filling station and on up to the bench. He needed a shave but his cheeks looked red and healthy, and his black eyes were bright.

"Howdy, Mac," he said. "It's chilly."

"Sure is," Captain Mac said. "Set down, Proc." He heaved himself slightly to one side.

Proc sat down on the iron bench. "Fact," he said. "Frost in the hollow again last night. Me and Hugh Billy was out."

The Captain brought his quid to a slow halt and looked at him. "You all have a race?"

"Got up a nice race. Over in Bear Grass Bottom."

"Ain't caught him?"

"No. It was a heavy race though."

"How many dogs?"

"Nine. His and mine and Dancy's Walker dogs."

"Thought Dancy was at the fox-hunters' trials."

"Got back last night. Ate a meal and taken his dogs out. There's a man that's doted on foxhunting."

"How'd he make out at the trials?"

Proc shot the leather cap back on his small round head. "God in the mountain, ain't you heard?" he said. "Ninth in the All-Age and Reserve on the bench."

"With Tennessee Sal?"

"Certainly with Tennessee Sal. You can't beat these Walkers for trial dogs. I'm a July man myself, you know that, but I'll admit it. Of course, for a sure-enough fox-race they ain't worth a —"

"Hold on, Proc." The Captain's hands inside his waistband made a muffled gesture. "Don't talk like that around the police house. I don't mind, only it don't look right."

"What did I say? Tell me what did I say?"

"I knowed what you was going to say. Ain't I heard you talk about Walker dogs before?"

"What else can a man say about Walker dogs?"

"Not at the police house. Was she out last night?"

"Tennessee Sal? She's shut up. Should have been shut up at the trials. That's what helped her out, I reckon: other dogs couldn't get their mind on the race."

The Captain pursed his lips and studied. He heaved back with finality. "That's against the rules."

"They won't never do nothing against a Walker dog," Proc said.

"But if it's a July or a Red-bone see how quick they rule them out. In the score they had her third in speed and driving. It was trailing that set her back. Even so, Esquire Barfoot offered her a service to his old Puzzler. He was a judge."

"To Puzzler," Captain Mac revolved the news. "Well, damn me," he said, "ain't that something? What's Dancy got to pay?"

"Two pups."

"No cash money?"

"Says not."

"Looks like the Squire thought something of Sal."

Proc locked his leather cap down over his eyes. "Or else was drunk."

The Captain withdrew one finger from his waistband and wagged it. "Proc, you can't take it away from her. Ninth in the All-Age and going to old Puzzler. What dog of ours ever equalled that before?" He made a sweeping gesture which ended at the sight of a negro, small and quick by nature, approaching slowly. His hand went back inside his waistband. "Come here, Eightball; what you doing up town?"

The negro came on beaming, with ingratiating and circular movements of his flapping shoes. "Yes sir, Captain Mac. Howdy, Mister Proc. Mighty pretty day if a man likes cold weather."

The Captain settled himself severely and waited for an intestinal rumble to subside. "Eightball, what you doing uptown?" he said.

"Just prowling by, Captain, prowling by." He turned a foot edgewise and studiously inspected the sole. "Seems like I can't pacify my mind."

"You still fretting about last night?"

"Ain't fretting, just studying. Captain, you the Law, what can I do about that window sash? And my window glasses? Two glasses, one foot by two foots."

"Eightball, what ails you? What did I tell you last night?"

"Captain, I couldn't say."

"God damn! Now listen. I'm going to tell you one more time. Listen good now; you hear me? You got no case."

"Yes sir. . . . Captain, how much would that cost new now?"

"Proc," the Captain turned heavily on the bench, "how much you reckon it would cost? A window sash?"

"Dollar and a half. At the warehouse. Course if a man wants to go to the mill. Saw Rance Tazey there last week."

"How's he doing?"

"Doing fine. Mill, too. Got thirty thousand feet of cypress from old man Barneycroft."

"What'd they pay?"

"Talk like it was twelve fourteen."

"Who's getting it out?"

"Old J. B. hisself."

"Well, that's a fair price."

They reflected on its fairness.

"Captain, if you had been there your own self would you have shot him with your pistol?"

The Captain roused himself irritably. "What's that? Eightball, you still here?"

"Yes, sir, Captain," Eightball beamed as if he was telling good news, and then turned solemn. "Would you have shot him?"

"If I'd hollered to him to stop and he'd kept on."

Eightball was overjoyed. "Hey, hey, when police holler, man better stop."

With an effort Captain Mac reached back and disclosed the pearl handle of a pistol at the edge of his coat. "When I holler they better stop."

"You know me, Captain Mac, I ain't never going to run if I hear you holler."

"That's where you got sense."

"Plenty sense. Man want to get along with white folks, he better do like they say. Ain't I right, Captain?"

"You got that much sense anyhow."

"Yes sir. Got plenty. . . . Captain, don't it look like he ought to pay me though?"

With his hands still in his waistband the Captain wagged his elbows at Eightball severely. "I ain't going to tell it to you no more. You-got-no-case."

Eightball shook his head with mournful relish. "Ain't that bad news though? Got no case. Declare I don't see how that could be." He brightened. "It was only just good dusk when I come home last night. So I ain't looking for no light in the house. And my sister she ain't looking for me on account I got off early from the ice plant on account they ain't making so much ice on account —"

"Eightball, move along, I don't want to hear no more about it."

"Yes sir."

"Mr. Slosson here and me have got some business."

"Yes sir."

"How you reckon I'm going to police this town if I set here listening to every nigger that wants to tell me his troubles?"

"That's right, Captain. You a busy man."

"Certainly I'm busy. They ought to have another man on here. And the town could afford it well and easy." He looked down the street at the two yellow town dogs cau-

tiously stalking the tomcat that belonged to the Dixie Café. The tom bowed up his big gray back and the town dogs looked down their noses and walked on by. Those worthless fyces. He'd have loved to see a sure-enough fuss between them and that tom. There was a murmur from Eightball in front of the bench. He turned his head. "What's that, Eightball?"

"I say if you had only been there your own self last night. Ay, Lord, when folks see that star on your galluses they know that's the Law. But how it was, was that even so, though I wasn't looking for no light, even so, I suspicioned that there might be something that I didn't know what it was. And so I crope up on the house, tip-tip-tip like this, Captain." Eightball crept along the edge of the road. "And whenever I come to the porch I went to my hands and knees, creep-creep."

"Damn, Eightball, get up off the sidewalk."

"Yes sir." He rose up smoothly into a crouch. "And when I get to the door, here's me Captain with my ear to the crack. And so then I set the door ajar easy but I don't go in, just stick my head in like a snapping turkle." Eightball's head shot out. "This way. In there it was dark. And still I don't say nothing.

You know me, Captain, I'm a suspicious man. So then I strike a match and right then I heard my bed go blam-blam, my own bed, and I hear a woman's skirts go flutter out the back way. 'Hey-o there,' I say, 'What's going on?' I say, and just then I see him coming, pom-pom-pom. I hear him run into chairs and tables and hit my bed one more time, blam-blam, and then he light out through the window, wham, sash and all, wham . . . ting-ting-ting. Ay, God, I ought to have grabbed that nigger." Eightball looked mournfully into space.

"You better be satisfied," the Captain announced. "He's mean."

"Captain, I'd have worked on him like a monkey on a peanut."

"You hear that, Proc?" the Captain said. "Says he'd have worked on him like a monkey on a peanut."

"Well, then," Proc said, "why didn't he follow him?"

"Now you say something different, Mr. Proc," Eightball pointed out. "I started but I saw the blood."

"He bleed?"

"Ay, Lord." Eightball gathered himself. "And so I don't know what I'm going to found — out there in the dark. Like the rabbit. Rabbit stop under old dead pine. Limb off the tree fell near about on

the top of him. 'Hey, hey,' rabbit say, 'can't trust the living; can't trust the dead.' Captain, that's me, look how that creeper done me; a dollar and a half."

Proc stood up and pushed his cap back on his head. "Mac, I got to go."

"Don't go," the Captain said. "Eightball, you talk too much. Proc, I never did hear how the trials come out. Except for Tennessee Sal. Who won?"

"A Big Stride dog from Surrey Junction."

"That's Walker blood, too. Sal goes back to Big Stride two ways. When does Dancy carry her up to old Puzzler?"

"Friday. He figures to go up on number four and come back on seventeen."

"That don't give him long at the Squire's."

"Two hours." Proc's chunky figure swung slowly away.

The Captain did some mental calculation. "Well, as the fellow says, that's close connections."

"But don't it look like he ought to pay me?" Eightball said.

"Who?"

"What right he got to jump out through my window?"

"God damn," the Captain said, "ain't I told you you got no case? Ten times I told you you ain't got

no case. Now here is the law about it."

Eightball bowed his head and folded his hands across his stomach. "Yes, Captain. Please to explain the law."

The Captain cleared his throat. "Here it is then. Ain't your sister let him into the house?"

"So she say."

The Captain stuck a thumb in the armhole of his vest. "So how is there housebreaking?"

Eightball considered. "Ain't he broke up my house, Captain? Ain't that housebreaking?"

"Hell, no," the Captain said. "You can indict a man for breaking into a house. Can't indict him for breaking out."

"Yes, Captain." Eightball had a thought. "But then, too, ain't he carried on in my house?"

"Did he give your sister money?"

"Beulah Belle? What for, Captain?"

"Talk up, Eightball. Don't make out you don't know what I mean."

"Hey, hey, Captain, she don't go with him."

"How come her to let him in, then?"

"Sis Highpocket was there."

"Doggone me." The Captain roused himself. "That long, loose old Highpocket. Well, did he give her money?"

"Him? Why, Captain, you know he's on Relief. That High-pocket gives *him* money."

"Be dogged. So he goes with Sis Highpocket. She'll ruin him, just like she did Honey Boy."

"Ruint now, Captain. She's hog-wild over that black boy. Give that pigmy all she got and then come creeping in my house with him and —"

"Eightball, hush, I'm tired of hearing it."

"Yes, Captain."

"How's Sis doing these days?"

"She got plenty money."

"You go round there, Eightball."

"Me? Captain, I'm earnest; you know I don't fool with no such womens."

"Where was it I seen you coming out of Sadday night?"

"Sometimes I goes."

"What you have to pay?"

"Dollar. Dollar and a half. Dollar the leastest."

"Is that a fact?"

"Ay, Lord. She's high. Just like a giraffe, Captain."

"Well damn me, and so she gives money to him?"

"Like I told you, Captain. Don't it look like one of them ought to put out for my window sash?"

The Captain opened his mouth to roar but Eightball had gathered his coat around him sprily. "On

my way, Captain, just like old Number Seven." He cocked his elbows. "Hooooo-hoooo! Bam-bam! Morrell-Greenville-Birmingham-Mobile . . . sha-sha-sha!" Working his arms like pistons and chugging peacefully, Eightball steamed off down the sidewalk, across the street, across the tracks and down the path through the scrub-oak that went to Possum Bottom.

II

For some little time there was nothing in sight except Tom, the black and white station dog, and one of Doc Pegram's old beagles meeting each other as though for the first time. They approached stiff legged, stood end to end, sniffed gingerly and stared off into space. Then the thin figure of M. M. Sooler came wavering up the street toward the Captain's iron bench. The Captain filled in the time by working a case-knife out of his trouser pocket and a plug of *Mail Pouch* out of his hip pocket and carving himself a slice. "M. M." he said, "set down. How you living?"

"Can't object." M. M. sat down. "How you making it? You hear about Dancy's Sal?"

"Proc told me."

"She was Ninth in the All-Age."

"Proc told me."

"Reserve on the Bench."

"He told me."

"In speed and driving they had her third."

"That's how I heard it."

"But they marked her down on trailing."

"I know that."

"Esquire Barfoot's going to put her to his old Puzzler. Old Puzzler won the Derby at the Nationals in '15."

"Hell, man, ain't I been here when the news come back from Nashville?" For a while they sat on the bench. The Captain's eye, still angry, roved down the street. Lawyer Benbow's sedan was still headed into the curb and the peaked-nosed, white face of the lawyer's wife's dog was still peering out from behind the glass. A row of negroes at a respectful distance were staring at the dog, and the dog, with his fluffy pointed ears up and his little black eyes popping, was staring at the grocery tomcat. Those negroes had been there a long time and not a one of them showed signs of moving. White folks had got used to the lawyer's wife's dog: but the negroes never would.

A little bristle-headed white boy in old corduroy knickers and a khaki shirt came up the street and took his place at the end of the row

of negroes. After a long while he came on again, still looking back at the lawyer's wife's dog. When he got near the bench he halted and hung back and stood looking at the Captain the way he had at the dog.

The Captain waved a flipper. "Heyo, sonny, what ails you?"

"Mammy sent me for the police," the boy whispered.

"Move over, M. M.," the Captain said. "Let him come here. Now, buddy, I'm the police. You're Miz Roon's boy, Keats, I reckon."

"No, sir. Keat's the youngest. I'm By."

"Well, what's the trouble, By?"

"Mammy just been to the hog pen. The speckled boar's gone."

"Busted out?"

"No, sir," the boy's voice came to him. He started a loud singsong. "It's stout every place. Mammy says he's stole."

"All right, son, don't you fuss."

"Mammy says they's wagon tracks right alongside the pen. Says she heerd a wagon screeching last night."

"All right, By, you tell your Mammy not to fuss. Tell her not to tromp round the pen no more. I might want to look for tracks later. Here, you like wintergreen? Run along." Reflectively shooting the stick of wintergreen in and out of

his pursed lips, By went down the street. The Captain raised a bellow. "Possum Belly! You Possum Belly, come here."

The little yellow negro was serious and stout and walked as though he were trundling his stomach on a wheelbarrow.

"Coming, Captain Mac."

"What you doing uptown?"

Possum Belly smoothed down the front of his mustard colored vest cautiously. "Just come by to git some gunpowder for my yard dog."

"You aim to shoot him?"

"No sir. Going to feed him up on it. He ain't so fierce like he used to be. Come creeping round my place at night and he just licks they hand."

"How much you going to feed him?"

"All what I got in this twist."

"Better not let him set near the stove then. Next news you know he'll blow the roof off."

"He don't never come in the house. Sleep in the yard."

"When you go across the tracks, see can you find out who stole Miz Roon's spotted boar."

"He stole?"

"Stole last night."

"Do my best, Captain, can't do more." The full seat of his trousers swung sedately as he walked away.

III

The Captain rolled around on the bench and fixed his eye on M. M.'s thin face. "M. M.," he said, "I always said Proc Slosson was a clever gentleman, but sometimes he surprises you, I declare. Tennessee Sal has brought credit to this town, more so than lots of folks I could name. And still, just because she's a Walker dog, Proc throws off on her like she was some sorry potlick slut."

"He don't claim she's a potlicker," M. M. said.

"Don't right out claim it, but that's the way he talks. And look at her. Only four years old. And already she's got to where Squire Barfoot hisself is begging for her for Old Puzzler hisself. How can any man —" A shadow fell across his feet. Damn! Even before he looked up he knew it was another negro. "Well, Ben. What you want?"

The negro, black and thin and nervous, stood with his hands inside the bib of his overalls. "Excuse me, Captain, but they been a fuss across the tracks."

The Captain breathed heavily and eyed Ben. He bulged out one cheek and chewed hard on his quid. "What kind of fuss?"

"Cutting fuss, Captain."

"Who was in it?"

"Well, sir, some say one thing and some another, but Angel Jim cut up mighty bad."

"Whereabouts?"

"On the neck."

"I mean where was he at?"

"Well, Captain, some say one thing and some say another."

"Where is he now?"

"Who, Captain?"

"Angel Jim."

"In the big road."

"Where in the big road?"

"Front of Sis Highpocket's."

"This fuss start in Sis Highpocket's?"

"No, sir, Captain. No sir. That's just where he is now."

"What's going on in Sis Highpocket's this time in the morning?"

"Captain, I told you."

"Is he dead?"

"No sir. Ain't dead so far. Course he might be dead."

"Don't you know if he's dead?"

"Captain, he was living when I left. You ask."

The Captain thought the whole thing over, sitting motionless. Then he roused himself for a clean-cut decision. "Well, I'll take a chance on you, Ben," he said.

"Yes sir, Captain. Thank you."

"Go by the drugstore and tell them I said to notify Doctor Pegram when he comes by would

he please to go over across the tracks. If he wants any information I'll be right here."

The Captain took a brief hitch to his trousers. "M. M.," he said, "you can talk, but we going to see the day when Walker dogs will sweep the country."

"I ain't got a thing against Walker dogs myself."

"You don't sound like you was for them."

"As the fellow says, show me a good dog and I'll show you a good breed."

"How you going to get good dogs without you have a good breed?"

"How you going to get a good breed without you have a good dog?"

The Captain clamped his fists and looked at M. M.'s thin, patient, sorrowful face. Sometimes he'd almost sooner argue with Proc. "Listen to me, M. M. Let me ask you something: Tennessee Sal's going to Puzzler, ain't that right? Well then, wouldn't you or any foxhunter be glad to get you a pup from them two?"

"That's because they good dogs. I got to go."

"Hold on, M. M. Let me ask you —"

"My missus," said M. M. and moved off.

IV

It was getting right comfortable now, and the sun had brought out more folks on the street. He saw Sis Highpocket's red hat and purple dress in front of The Busy Bee. That sinful old slut. Beat all how she carried on and took in the money at her age. He remembered her, though, when she was a right good-looking woman. For a negro. He was working in the lumber yard then. Hey, hey, those were foolish days. Didn't have all this responsibility to maintain then. That looked like a strange dog in town, 'way down the block. He shifted to see if he could make him out but just then the highway negro with concrete poisoning came limping in his gunnysacks right in the way. When the negro had moved to one side the dog was gone. Must have gone down the alley. Most probably a strange dog. Not a neighborhood dog. There went the preacher's collie after him. Probably a dog fight. He'd listen.

The sun was warming to it, sure enough. He leaned back on the bench. All these dogs in town ought to have licenses. That was the ordinance. Well, most of them did. Some of them anyhow. The doctor's beagles had, and that

speckled dog that lived up on the hill, never could remember his name. That was three. Well, if anybody made a complaint he'd probably have to do something about it. He remembered a little hound he used to have. Jenny. A little blue-ticked gyp he'd found when he woke up one morning. Those were the days when he used to drink. Used to foxhunt, too. That Jenny was hell on a fox when they got close to one. A sure-enough ketch-dog. But no cold-trailer. Probably not a pure-bred. That M. M. Sooler and his notions. Any man not a born fool would give fifty dollars for a Tennessee Sal pup; right now. . . . He heard a low voice, "Captain", and opened his eyes. He clasped his hands across in front of himself severely.

"Eightball, ain't I told you to go over across the tracks?"

Eightball agreed warmly. "Captain, I been across the tracks. Come back again."

"What for?"

"See could I speak with you, Captain."

"Eightball, I ain't going to listen."

"Captain, look what I got." Eightball wrestled a fist out of his coat pocket and opened it up slowly.

The Captain grunted. "Be

dogged. Dollar and a half. Sis Hipocket give it to you?"

"Sis give it to him and so I got it."

The Captain nodded impressively. "You see that? You do like I say and you'll be all right. Ain't that right?"

"Sure is, Captain." Eightball answered mechanically.

The Captain cleared his throat and set himself to drive the lesson home. "If some of those niggers across the tracks could get that into their heads it would save them trouble. Plenty. You hear me?"

"Yes, Captain."

"You ain't listening. What you looking at?"

"Town dogs mighty oneasy. They goes three more."

"Where's that?"

"Down by the freight house. The doctor's beagles and old Grizzly."

"Whereabouts?"

"They gone, Captain, down the alley. Here come Tom, the depot dog, though, and Miz Roon's poodle."

The Captain raised his hoarse thick voice. "Here, Tom . . . here, Poodle!"

"Name, Wooly; that poodle," Eightball suggested. "But he ain't going to pay no mind now. Look at him sniff and lash his little tail.

Poodle, your notion is the biggest thing about you."

"What's that?"

"Reckon Mr. Dancy's gyp mought have passed that way."

"Tennessee Sal? What you talking about, Eightball? She's shut up."

"Captain, I seen her just now. Down the alley. I was — Hold on, Captain —"

The Captain, running light and high, was hollering over his shoulder.

"Damn you, Eightball, you stay with me," he snapped his head around and kept on roaring, "Hey, Proc, grab that poodle. Hey, M. M., Pete, you niggers, grab Tom. Down the alley. Hey, fellows, come on, she's loose, Tennessee Sal. Hotter than — excuse me, lady. You, there, cut in the back way, God damn, don't stand there; there she goes! Jesus God, who let that poodle loose? Turn her, turn her, hold back them dogs, catch up that poodle. Can't nobody catch him? Shoot the pink-eyed little son of a bitch. Here he comes, close in boys. That's good, Joe, kick him again. Here little lady, here, Sal, now then, poor Sal, ain't nobody going to hurt you. You poodle, I'll cut your heart out. Eightball, get a rope, you hear me?"

The Captain breathed hard out

of a corner of his mouth and ran his sleeve across his face. "Gentlemen, I'm much obliged. You know what that Eightball done just now. Stood talking to me for ten minutes and never said a word about it that this dog was loose. Good gal, Sal. God damn, a few months on the roads wouldn't do that nigger a bit of harm. Excuse my language, Miz Roon, didn't notice you was there, ma'am."

Mrs. Roon bridled in and rared back until her front stood out like a corset advertisement. There was a cold look in her china eyes. "That's perfectly all right, Captain MacNutt," a smile froze on her thin mouth. "But what was that you said about shooting my Wooly?"

The Captain scarcely hung fire at all. "What, lady, shoot that

pretty little poodle? Maybe somebody hollered it but it wasn't me." He got official and firm. "No ma'm, you ever hear anybody talk like that and you just report them to me. Shoot Wooly!" He laughed derisively and turned earnest. "Even if he ain't got no dog license."

From beyond the grinning ring there came a small dry voice: "Hey, Mac, ain't got no marriage license neither."

The Captain wheeled. "Who said that?" He drew down his mouth. "You-all better remember that there is ladies present. Proc," he said, "you carry Sal out to Dancy's." He turned benign. "M. M., just help Miz Roon with that little poodle," he said. "He keeps trying to jump out of her arms."



AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

SEX rears its ugly head in the Golden Gate region, according to the Associated Press:

Colored pavements which will make women seem more beautiful and men appear more romantic were promised today by J. E. Stanton, a color expert for San Francisco's 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition.

"The sidewalks and pathways of Treasure Island (site of the fair) will be of asphalt mixed with a reddish color between maroon and magenta," he said. "This will raise the emotional level of visitors, keep them gay, vivacious. It will make the men appear more romantic and induce them to spend more freely. It will make the women appear younger, beautiful."

FLORIDA

A DELICATE political matter is handled diplomatically by an up-and-coming businessman of the Alligator State, according to the Winter Haven *Herald*:

Al Block, Tallahassee, newly elected president of the Florida Junior Chamber of Commerce, said that the name of Governor Cone was not booed by delegates to the thirteenth annual meet, as was originally reported. Response of the delegates with a "mooing", Block declared, was misinter-

preted as booing. The moo greeting had previously been accepted as a method of responding to communications because of enthusiasm of representatives for their "keep-the-cattle-off-the-highways" project.

INDIANA

PERFECTION of restrained journalism in Hoosier land, as manifested by the Mt. Vernon *Democrat*:

Miss ———, rural school teacher, was believed to have passed the crisis in her illness at the Deaconess hospital in Evansville Saturday and was improved today. When she drove her auto into a tree while learning to drive, the pedagogue was hurled against the steering wheel with sufficient force to rupture her pancreas.

MICHIGAN

THE Tecumseh *Herald* reports on the latest advance of technology in collegiate circles:

It may sound queer but of 3000 men students attending Michigan State College in the last ten years who did not know how to swim, those who were accustomed to using a washrag when they washed their faces took twice as long to learn how to stay afloat in the college swimming tank. Those accustomed to scooping up water with their hands when they

wash out their eyes and ears have far more confidence when they meet up with the water in a swimming tank. The boys who are accustomed to washing their faces and necks with a washrag lack that confidence.

MINNESOTA

ADVANCE of medical science in the Chiropractic Belt, as reported by an advertisement in the learned Minneapolis *Shopping News*:

FECES ON PARADE

The Gordon Detoxifier is the only method of treatment that you can see and feel the results at the same time. The disease-causing material passes before your very eyes and results are seen after the first treatment. If you are suffering from Arthritis, Rheumatism, High or Low Blood Pressure, Sinus Infection, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, Sluggish Liver or Constipation (king of all diseases) you owe it to yourself to see the Gordon Detoxifier in operation. I invite you to take a treatment and if you are not more than satisfied there will be no charge and you owe us nothing. Your family doctor is cordially invited to come with you and also see the treatment.

You can not be well and have decayed material and foods sticking to the walls of your intestinal tract forcing poisonous material into the blood stream and causing disease in all parts of your body. Remember you will see the disease-causing material coming through the glass observation tube as the treatment is in progress. No pain or discomfort to the patient. No embarrassment to the patient or operator.

Ulcers of the stomach and bowels solicited.

DR. WALTER G. BERG

MISSOURI

A NEW interpretation of one of the Bard of Avon's best-known characters is heralded by the celebrated Springfield *Daily News*:

The Shakespearean department of the Sorosis club will meet at the club house at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. R. Leftwich, president, will lead the discussion on "Falstaff as a Lover".

NEW YORK

THE renowned Jafsie breaks into print once more, *via* the scholarly pages of *Liberty* magazine:

O LINDY, COME BACK HOME!

BY JOHN F. CONDON

Some people say I failed, Lindy.
It was not in my power
To find the little baby
Stolen from your bower.
His curly locks, his bright blue eyes,
His toys I cherish so,
Bring back my mind to that dark
night,

Remembered long ago.
March the first in 'thirty-two,
In the crib he lay asleep
In his nursery, in his blankets,
Wrapped in slumber deep.
The scoundrel snatched the baby,
But vengeance claimed its toll,
And then the ladder cracked and
broke

Before he reached his goal.
I planned and plotted to bring back
The darling little boy
Whose parents doted on him
With joy without alloy.
I wrote to have the snatcher
Meet me where he would.
One thousand grand I offered —
I thought I could do good.

Through every State in our Union
 I traveled to find the child;
 Canadian hills, Cuba's swamps,
 And jungles fierce and wild;
 The sandy plains of Panama
 And Costa Rica's brush;
 Over Morgan's murderous trail,
 Through heat and rain I'd rush.
 Deep in the Everglades I went;
 Through Georgia's Indian mounds—
 Those braves fell facing their front
 line,

They held forefathers' grounds.
 I searched the pines and dismal groves
 And great De Leon's well;
 I drank the waters to keep young;
 Went in the Spanish cell;
 Traversed the Biscayne Highway,
 Trod dear Miami's shore.
 Jack Field's and Al Capone's
 I visited to implore
 To help me get the baby,
 His parents' joy and pride.
 But May the twelfth the news was
 spread—

The baby boy had died.
 What a crime! What a deal!
 Beside a sacred grave
 I handed out just fifty grand,
 While people thought it brave.
 Each night and day I traveled on,
 Both confident and sure.
 Sometimes I thought I'd lose my
 mind.

It was hard to endure.
 At last I saw the man I sought,
 His picture before my view,
 A face I could not fail to know
 In a thousand or a few.
 The law was truly carried out:
 The man went to the chair;
 The juries gave one hundred
 .straight—

They put the culprit there.
 J. Edgar Hoover and his men,
 Dear Schwarzkopf and the rest,
 Searched every corner, nook, and
 haunt—
 They knew the game the best.

So now, dear Lindy, foreign soil
 Is not the place for you.
 Come to our land, your native land,
 'Mid folds red, white, and blue.
 Millions of stanch and loyal men
 Are watching o'er the foam.
 Your trials, tribulations past,
 O Lindy, come back home!
 Foreign soil is not your place,
 In any land on earth.
 The spot for you is here with us,
 The dear land of your birth.
 Let no mean scoundrel drive away
 Our hero, bold and brave.
 Dear Lindy, come back home to us
 Across the surging wave.

ASTOUNDING theological discovery
 is made and added to the Commu-
 nist litany by Mike Gold, gifted
 columnist of the *Daily Worker*:

Hell is populated by pious, labor-
 hating Babbitts, vigilantes, kidnapers,
 and people such as those who admire
 Hearst, General Franco, Hitler, Mus-
 solini, and all their swarm of cut-
 throats and liars will surely go to hell.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA, the Little
 Flower of the Left, leaves the citi-
 zens of Manhattan to shift for
 themselves—unless they are agi-
 tators or strikers, according to the
 sedate New York *Times*:

Some forty members of the Commer-
 cial Artists and Designers Union, Lo-
 cal 20329, American Federation of
 Labor, again picketed the Paramount
 Theater in Times Square last night
 during the peak of the evening theater
 rush, interfering with pedestrian
 traffic and causing many persons to
 walk in the street. The demonstrators

formed a large circle, extending from Forty-third Street across the entire theater front. Persons on the way to the theater or on business found difficulty in walking on the sidewalk. Anyone getting out of a car or automobile in front of the theater found it impossible to walk directly to the ticket booth; they had to go around the circle of pickets.

Several policemen, a sergeant, and a captain stood around the zone affected urging passers-by on and trying as best they could to *keep the sidewalk open for the picket group*.

AN aroused subscriber to the *Daily Worker* tells the editor about the devious twistings of human fate:

Editor, Daily Worker:

Long before most people hated Hearst, because he is fascism and war, I hated him. For twenty years I lived by his editorials. My father was told every day that anything a father does is right (fathers buy papers). My father read to me that children have no right to question parents' actions. Therefore my father did many things that he later regretted. My father learned "science" in the Saturday Supplement.

When I went to school and quoted Hearst's "science", my teacher thought me a liar. Hearst made our lives miserable with his lies and "morality".

But one thing that ran like a refrain through his "Journal" was, "If you're a failure, it's your own fault." This I shall never forgive him. In 1933, when millions of people found themselves "failures" because Hearst's system failed to work, my father killed himself. Hearst killed him with his lesson about failure. I hate Hearst.

B.

TEXAS

BLUNT bid for patronage in the Bible Belt, according to the *Karnes City Citation*:

METHODIST CHURCH

M. H. KEEN, Pastor

We assure you one and all that you are always welcome. The pastor never preaches long sermons.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS ENGLAND

MEDICAL science is invoked in a ticklish social problem, as reported by the United Press:

A coroner's jury at Bedford criticized Richard Percy Wilsher today because he failed to make "strenuous efforts" to save his wife when she drowned in two feet of river water. Wilsher explained his doctor had forbidden him to bathe because of his catarrh.

ITALY

CASH value of Black Shirt heroism, as vouched for by the United Press:

Tito Bragini dived into the water and saved Gino Lami, sixty-one, from drowning today, then stood by and watched first aid workers revive him. The rescued man's first words to his savior when he regained consciousness were: "Lend me 50 lire" (\$2.62).

THE veterans of Ethiopia get a taste of Uplift, according to the United Press:

General Pariani, Under Secretary of War, issued a decree today prohibiting cursing in the Italian Army. Placards have been posted reading: "Swearing dishonors the soldier."

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Liberals Never Learn

THERE is no question that the Liberals and Progressives are in the political saddle at the moment, fitted out with bucking-straps and a Spanish bit, and are riding the nation under spur and quirt. Liberalism became the fashion in 1932, so for six years every esurient shyster who was out to rook the public has had to advertise himself as a Liberal and a Progressive. None other need apply. Hence we now have a hundred-per-cent Liberal Administration backed up by Liberal State, county, and municipal placemen, and a solid nation-wide Liberal bureaucracy running close to a million, all frozen tight to their jobs. One would hardly believe there could be as many Liberals in the world as are now luxuriating with their muzzles immersed in the public trough. They are a curious assortment, too, differing widely in race, color, and previous condition of servitude, but they are all Liberals. Mr. Farley is a Liberal, Governor Murphy is a Liberal; so is Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Ickes, Mr. Wagner, Mr.

La Follette, Mr. Black, Mr. Wallace, and over all — God save us! — stands the smiling figure of Liberalism's Little Corporal in person.

It is an impressive array, if you don't mind what you look at, but nothing to waste words on. We have seen its like before. When Mr. Taft left the Presidency in 1912, political Liberalism descended on the country with a leap and a whistle, under the banner of Mr. Wilson, who being a North-of-Ireland Scotch Presbyterian pedagogue, was ideally fitted by birth and training to give a first-class demonstration of Liberalism in action; and believe me, he gave one. It was the first chance the country ever had to see the real thing in Liberalism, and we certainly saw it dished up with all the modern improvements. When Uncle Sam finally staggered out from under that experience with genuine old-vatted, eighteen-carat, stem-winding, self-cocking Liberalism, most of us thought the poor old man had had enough of it to last him all his life, but in 1932 he was back at the

nut-factory again, clamoring for more.

But as I say, speaking seriously, all this is not worth wasting words on, because as everybody but Liberals and unborn children might be presumed to know, a jobseeker's professions of Liberalism are simply so much in the routine work of electioneering. They are a routine device in the general technique of what my friend Mr. Mencken calls boob-bumping. Hence when Liberalism is in the saddle, as at present or as in 1912-1920, you get substantially the same thing that you get from any other stripe of professional politics: *i.e.*, you get it in the neck, and get it good and hard. Liberalism gives you a little more exalted type of flatulence, a more afflictive self-righteousness, and in its lower reaches you get a considerably larger line of zealous imbecility; but otherwise the public gets about as much and as little for its money from political Liberalism as it gets out of any other species of organized thievery and fraud.

What I do think is worth looking into for a moment is the working of the Liberal mind as displayed by persons in private life; persons, that is, who are not jobholders or jobseekers, but who have an interest in public affairs — such persons, let us say, as are likely

to be found in the Foreign Policy Association or who expound the Liberal point of view in the correspondence columns of the press. I have known many such in my time, and the curious workings of their mentality always interested me profoundly. They were, and are, excellent people, and their public spirit is admirable. They are sincere, as far as their intelligence, or their lack of it, permits them to be; that is to say, they are morally honest, their motives and intentions are impeccable; but intellectually they are as dishonest a set of people, taking one with another, as I ever saw. Chiefly for this reason I have long regarded them as the most dangerous element in human society; and it might be worth a reader's while to let me specify a little, by way of showing cause for this belief.

In the first place, I never knew a Liberal who was not incurably politically-minded. Those whom I have known seemed to think not only that politics can furnish a cure for every ill the social flesh is heir to, but also that there is nowhere else to look for a cure. They had an extraordinary idea of the potency and beneficence of political remedies, and when they wanted some social abuse corrected or some social improvement made, they in-

stinctively turned to politics as a first and last resort.

The upshot of this addiction is that the Liberal is always hell-bent for more laws, more political regulation and supervision, more jobholders, and consequently less freedom. I do not recall a single Liberal of my acquaintance who impressed me as having the least interest in freedom, or a shadow of faith in its potentialities. On the contrary, I have always found the Liberal to have the greatest nervous horror of freedom, and the keenest disposition to barge in on the liberties of the individual and whittle them away at every accessible point. If anyone thinks my experience has been exceptional, I suggest he look up the record and see how individual liberty has fared under the various régimes in which Liberalism was dominant, and how it has fared under those in which it was held in abeyance. Let him take a sheaf of specifically Liberal proposals for the conduct of this-or-that detail of public affairs, and use it as a measure of the authors' conception of human rights and liberties. If he does this I think he will find enough to bear out my experience, and perhaps a good deal more.

Being politically-minded, the Liberal (as I have known him) is convinced that compromise is of

the essence of politics, and that any conceivable compromise of intellect or character is justifiable if it be made in behalf of the Larger Good. Hence he does not reluct at condoning and countenancing the most scandalous dishonesties and the most revolting swineries whenever, in his judgment, the Larger Good may be in any way served thereby. He assents to the earmarking of a large credit of rascality and misfeasance, upon which jobholders may draw at will if only they assure him that the improvement or benefit which interests him will be thereby forthcoming. Thus, for example, he tacitly agrees to the debauching of an entire electorate — to the setting up of an enormous mass of voting-power, subsidized from the public treasury — because it will insure the election of Mr. Roosevelt, and electing Mr. Roosevelt will in turn insure the triumph of the Larger Good.

Consequently, in his unreasoning devotion to the Larger Good and his inability to see that this kind of service really produces nothing that he expects it to produce, the Liberal is always being taken in by some political peruna that anyone in his right mind would know is inert and fraudulent. This gullibility is perhaps the trait

which chiefly makes him so dangerous to society; he is such an incorrigible sucker. He whoops up some political patent medicine, say the Wagner Act or the AAA, gets other unthinking persons to indorse it, and when its real effect and intention becomes manifest, he learns nothing from his disappointment, but flies off to another synthetic concoction, and then again to another and another, thus keeping himself and his whole entourage in an unending state of befuddlement. He was keen to Save the World for Democracy; he was strong for the War to End All War, self-determination of nations, freedom of the seas, the rights of minorities, and all that sort of thing. He was red-hot for the League of Nations, and now he is all in favor of The More Abundant Life, social security, and soaking the rich in order to uplift and beatify the proletariat. He does all this as an act of faith, according to the little Sunday-scholar's definition of faith as "the power of believing something that you know isn't so"; for if he would listen to the voice of experience alone, it would tell him in no uncertain tones that such stuff is but the purest hokum, and that taking any stock in it merely puts him in line for another brisk run of dis-

appointment precisely like the many he has incurred already in the same way.

The typical Liberal not only puts his confidence in bogus political nostrums and comes to grief; he puts it also in the Pied Pipers who devise those nostrums, and thereby he regularly comes to grief again. For some inexplicable reason he persists in believing that a politician who is enough of a linguist to talk the clichés of Liberalism fluently, one who knows the Liberal idiom and has its phrase-book pretty well by heart, is trustworthy. He has the naïve expectation that such a politician will act as he talks, and when he finds that he does not so act, he is very sad about it. Thus the Liberal fell for Roosevelt I; he fell for Woodrow Wilson; he fell for Ramsay MacDonald and even for Lloyd George; he fell for Roosevelt II; and as one after another of his gonfaloniers turned out to be cotton-backed, he lifted up his voice in lamentation and great woe.

I read an article by Mr. Walter Lippmann some time ago, which faithfully reflects this naïve and inveterate trait of the Liberal. It was printed in the New York *Herald Tribune*, and by an odd coincidence it appeared in the issue of April 1—All Fools' Day—though

too much probably should not be made of that circumstance. Mr. Lippmann rehearses in detail his support of Mr. Roosevelt's various candidacies, and his indorsement of almost all the New Deal policies. In the Summer of 1935, however, he saw signs that Mr. Roosevelt "had acquired the habit of emergency action; that he was not disposed to relinquish his extraordinary personal powers and restore the normal procedure of representative government". As time went on, these signs multiplied; "expenditures and subsidies did not decline" and "vested interests had been created which the Administration could not or would not resist". Then came the Supreme Court proposal and the Administration's "tolerant silence" about the sit-down strikes; and these appear to be the last two straws that broke the back of Mr. Lippmann's confidence. He goes on in a despondent strain to say, "So what I see is a President establishing the precedent that his will or the will of the party in power must prevail, and that the law may be manipulated to carry out their purposes."

Sancta simplicitas! One reads this with amazement. Is it possible that Mr. Lippmann actually *expected* Mr. Roosevelt to relinquish voluntarily any personal power

that could be made to come his way? Did Mr. Lippmann actually suppose that Mr. Roosevelt, any more than any other professional politician, cares two straws about "the normal procedure of representative government" or would turn his hand over to restore it unless and until it were politically expedient so to do? Why, really, did Mr. Lippmann think there was the faintest possibility that expenditures would decline and bureaucratic vested interests be resisted by the Administration? If it were quite urbane to do so, one might ask what Mr. Lippmann thinks the Administration is there for. As for "establishing the precedent" that Mr. Lippmann cites, the answer is that Mr. Roosevelt is establishing that precedent because he can get away with it, or thinks he can, and it is simply silly to suggest that he might have any squeamishness about imposing his will upon all and sundry — the more, the better — or any shadow of compunction about manipulating the law to carry out his purposes. Mr. Lippmann's article, in short, is based on the assumption that the commonly-accepted codes of honesty and decency are as applicable to professional politicians as they are to folks; and while this does great credit to Mr. Lippmann's qualities

of heart, one must say in all conscience that it does precious little credit to his qualities of head.

But of such pre-eminently is the kingdom of Liberalism. Mr. Lippmann says he is "deeply disquieted", not because he apprehends the dictatorship of either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Lewis, or the rise of an organized Fascism. What he sees in the present state of the Union is "the makings of a fierce reaction against Mr. Roosevelt and the whole Liberal and Progressive movement, and against all Liberal and Progressive ideas. That is what I dread." I can not share Mr. Lippmann's sentiments; indeed, I hope he may be right. What I have seen of the Liberal and Progressive movement gives me no wish for its continuance—far from it—and if it disintegrated tomorrow I should be disposed to congratulate the country on its deliverance from a peculiarly dangerous and noisome nuisance. With regard to "all Liberal and Progressive ideas", I have never been able to make out that there are any. Pseudo-ideas, yes, in abundance; sentiment, emotion, wishful dreams and visions, grandiose castles in Spain, political panaceas and placebos made up of

milk, moonshine, and bilgewater in approximately equal parts—yes, these seem to be almost a peculium of Liberalism. But ideas, no.

P.S. — As the foregoing goes to press, Mr. Lippmann comes out with another article in the same vein, in the *Herald Tribune* of June 26. In the course of his writing he says:

I wish I could recover the belief that the President really is interested in democratic reforms and not in the establishment of irresistible power personally directed. It is not pleasant to have such fears about the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. But for many long months nothing has happened which helps to dispel these fears. Many, many things continue to happen which accentuate them.

I have no wish to bear hardly on Mr. Lippmann, for his conclusions in both the articles I have cited are sound and true, and I wish the country would heed them. Nevertheless the sentences just quoted are probably, I think, entitled to the first prize as an exhibit of the Liberal's imperishable naïveté. Why, one must ask, should any vertebrated animal ever have entertained the fantastic belief which Mr. Lippmann has lost; and having lost it, why should he wish to recover it?

THE LIBRARY

*A Great American, Forgotten*¹

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

THE case of the late General of the Armies of the United States, Winfield Scott, is singular, even for a nation notoriously addicted to forgetfulness. I cannot call to mind any individual who served the Republic in high station over so immense a span of years, or who rendered services of more outstanding value. Born in 1786, when the loose association of colonies was struggling toward something definite in the way of constitutional government, he was a brigadier in 1812 against the British, conducted the Mexican War, and laid the broad bases of the Union's successful struggle against the Confederacy. He died in 1866, already passed from any large public notice. It was not that he was a soldier — in a nation which wrote its abhorrence of the Regular into its Declaration of Independence: his work in the diplomatic field was notable, both at home and abroad; and he was an influence in the pol-

itics of his day and generation also. In fact, Winfield Scott, born in Petersburg in Virginia of the Tidewater gentry, was always and in all things an American; and one of the first of them. Therein may lie the answer: the endurance of fame in these United States is and has been very largely a matter of section. Winfield Scott outgrew his section.

Everything about him had glamor. His emigrant grandfather was a Jacobite, and fled out of Scotland with the mournful glory of Culloden about him, receiving sympathetic welcome in the Tidewater counties of the ever-loyal Virginia Colony. His father, William Scott, married into the great Mason family, and the name Winfield is of the Masons, awarded, you conceive, in the expectation of an inheritance from that important connection which young Winfield was not to realize. For he was a second son, and Virginia in those

¹ *Old Fuss and Feathers*, by Arthur D. Howden Smith. \$4.00. Greystone Press.

days held with primogeniture; and young Winfield, a reddish lanky boy, excessively long-legged, had his choice of the Army, the Law, or the Church. Those were the years of Jefferson, when the infant nation decided that, having fought an unprecedented conflict with Great Britain for its liberties, it would never have to fight again; and there was in effect no army, except for a few companies of frontier guards. The Church? . . . Well, no. . . . Young Scott, like most genteel Virginians, with or without inheritances, chose the Law, endured a year in William and Mary, which bored him profoundly, and entered the office of David Robinson in Petersburg. About the same time, the Federal District Court, sitting in Richmond, haled before it Colonel Burr, to stand trial for high treason, the Honorable the Chief Justice of the United States, John Marshall, sitting on the bench. Parties to the trial, or witnesses, were the most distinguished men in the land, chief among them Andrew Jackson, still the Border Captain, New Orleans and the White House in his future; and the shrill arresting John Randolph of Roanoke. The point at issue was, as Mr. Howden Smith points out, not the fact or the virulence of Colonel

Burr's treason, but the relative powers of the Executive and the Judiciary departments of the government: the President versus the Supreme Court. In this aspect, the Burr trial has a pressing current interest.

Young Scott observed proceedings, and saw at close range the men who were governing the Union. From that assembly, Mr. Howden Smith deduces, stemmed the feeling, national as distinct from sectional, that never left him while he lived. He might, in time, have become a great Constitutional lawyer. But in the first month of the proceedings, another event crowded the court reporters from the front pages of the gazettes: *H. M. S. Leopard*, cruising off the Virginia Capes, intercepted that hard-luck frigate, *U. S. S. Chesapeake*, cleared from Norfolk on her shakedown cruise, with her ordnance breeched and stopped, and her crew unready; brought her up with a broadside at close quarters, boarded her, taking off five alleged deserters from His Majesty's Navy, and contemptuously let her go with blood on her decks. The incident diverted Winfield Scott's attention from the law. He rode horseback down to Petersburg and joined the local militia, and the company quartermaster

was at great pains to find a uniform large enough for him. Thereafter he followed the profession of arms.

There was no war that year, because Jefferson would not fight: he framed and enacted some very engaging neutrality measures. But the Congress was apprehensive, and began to debate an increase in the combat — by courtesy — establishment. The next year they authorized some new regiments, and Mr. Winfield Scott, applying all the considerable influence a Mason connection might command, obtained a captain's commission in the light artillery. It was May 3, 1808. He served until the end of October, 1861, a matter of fifty-three years.

II

It is a story they tell of Frederick the Great, how, at one of the levees toward the end of his great reign (the Seven Years' War, all the hard battles and sieges, in his background, and the sun of his glory diminishing no whit his sour sharp attention to the details of his army administration), an old field-officer came up and prayed a word with Majesty. Why not, says Frederick, who loved his soldiers; step over to the window with me, good *Herr*

Oberst. You were saying — ? Majesty, says the *Oberst*, I have spent my life in your service. My hair has grown gray, following your standard. My health is broken, my old body covered with wounds, from your campaigns and your battles — Prague — Mollwitz — Leuthen — Kolin — Rossbach — all of them. And Majesty, all these hard years, all this toil, all these battles and marches, count as nothing when I see youngers promoted over my head — children — who were cadets when I led a company in your Grenadiers. Look at So and So — look at that one — lieutenant generals, and I am still a major! Majesty, I grow to the end of my mortal term. For all my years of service, if for nothing else, grant me promotion. . . . The Prussian King took his arm and pointed out the window, where a picket line of artillery mules munched their straw. Major, you see those mules? You see the old flea-bitten gray mule at this end? They have made many campaigns: the old one, this way, has made twenty campaigns. But my good *Herr Oberst*, they are still mules!

Longevity, then, means precisely that, and nothing more whatever. It is the quality of his public service, coupled with a continuity, that makes Winfield Scott conspicuous

among our citizens and meritorious beyond most of them.

The next four years, Captain Scott was learning his profession: he took inordinate delight in his uniform: the cocked hat, the epaulets and blue coatee, the white small-clothes, and the hessians of the period: and he was, he tells us, six feet, four and three-quarter inches tall, and weighed 140 pounds; and he padded his calves for decency's sake. But he did another thing, unprecedented among the officers' corps of those years: he taught himself French and read copiously the military literature then current on the continent of Europe, in connection with Napoleon's mighty war-making. He studied the best authorities by night, and by day he led his luckless command out and practiced the lessons. When war was declared in 1812 — it had been inevitable for a decade, and very little done to prepare for it, after the American custom — Scott went to the Northern frontier, a lieutenant colonel, and probably the only officer in the Northeastern Theater who had more than a vague notion of the business.

American historians have never loved to linger on the military episodes of the War of 1812 on the Canadian border: the single-ship

frigate actions at sea and General Jackson's New Orleans victory make more gratifying reading. Scott's commands were altogether of regulars, and wherever he was, he did well; he broke and chased some very excellent King's regiments, and first as a regimental commander, then as chief of staff, participating personally in the fighting, and finally as a division commander, he so dealt that Americans can study Chippewa and Lundy's Lane without blushing: wherever he was, things went well. He took wounds, he was captured and exchanged, and he became a brevet major-general at the age of twenty-seven. He emerged with some experience, from which he drew excellent profit; with an affection for the American regular; and with a contempt for militia and volunteers, which sentiments he entertained all his life.

Within the next few years, he had a mission to Europe, visiting Paris after Waterloo and meeting face to face the conquerors of Napoleon; and he tasted the strong delights of popular adulation. At home, he pursued assiduously his first concern, the training and improvement of the Regular Army; but his vast energies needed other outlets also, and he found them in the lively politics of the day. And

his civilian overlords discovered in him no small talent for diplomacy. In addition to his military responsibilities, he performed two important missions to the Canadian border — one, the Aroostock War; the other in the vicinity of Niagara, which averted imminent bloodshed and conceivably a third war with Great Britain; he made many adjustments with the Indians, whose liking and respect he never lost; and executed a very important mission to South Carolina, in the time of Andrew Jackson, when the volatile South Carolinians were on the raw edge of Secession. The last is most interesting: Jackson, who never liked him, sent him as a final resort, allowing him a free hand. The General quietly reinforced the South Carolina forts, going personally to Charleston, where, with gallant ways, with high manners and deportment, with excellent dinners, and above all, with the tactful exercise of plain horse-sense, he charmed the peppery Secessionists into tranquillity. The mission was entirely successful, and perhaps averted for twenty years the Civil War; but you wonder, reading the record, how well pleased Andrew Jackson was with his representative's accomplishment: Old Hickory hated John C. Calhoun,

and regarded Nullification as rebellion; and you have the impression that he would have enjoyed a more violent outcome.

How Scott conceived and cultivated Presidential aspirations, and how ineptly he dealt in the Whiggeries of his day, and how, with innocent guile, he attempted this intrigue and that, always failing; and how he took West Point under his wing and trained the Regular Army and its officers in his own model, is set down in sprightly fashion by Mr. Howden Smith. The discussion of the Mexican War is informed and capable, though there is no health in the sorry records of Tyler officialdom. The years between 1847 and 1861 were Scott's years of apotheosis. He reached at last the rank intrigue denied him for twenty years: General-in-Chief of the Armies—we have not had many: and he was, in his person, the Regular Army made flesh, and custodian of the national honor. The figure that emerges is wholly attractive. His frame had put on flesh: he weighed more than two hundred pounds, and until he was past sixty it was a hard frame, with no fat on it: only at the last he was bloated and dropsical. Scarlet-faced, puffing; enamored of gold lace, bullion epaulets, jack boots,

and all manner of military finery; austere, loud, ever the prig but never the hypocrite; he was in all one of the most extraordinary combinations of vanity and pettiness, and supreme ability, that these States have ever seen. Wise, in his fine book,¹ presents a delightful picture of him at the height of his glory, on a visit to Virginia Military Institute. Let the young gentlemen wait on me, he puffed, red and swollen as a turkey cock. My galoshes, young gentlemen! My chapeau! My cloak! You will be glad to remember this, young gentlemen. Never had the General-in-Chief of the Armies such valets, nor such valets a General-in-Chief to serve!

He gave Buchanan good advice in 1860, which Buchanan failed to take: he gave Lincoln good advice the next year, which was only followed in part. He saw the opening war with exact strategic vision;

and he was the only one who did. In 1861 they let him go, a tired old man. He had nearly five years left, and he followed events with interest: those Southern rascals, and the generals of the Union, were, nearly to a man, his own young gentlemen. He had handed most of them their diplomas at West Point, blooded them in Mexico, and trained them all in arms. He took an odd detached pride in their achievements, North and South.

Mr. Howden Smith's book is well done, with proportion, intelligence, and humor. There are a few factual errors, mostly unimportant. The author's point is that Scott, a gentleman always, trained his young gentlemen to be like him in their essential traits, and the Civil War was the last of the gentlemen's wars. Mr. Howden Smith opens the way to a vast, and little evaluated, field in American history. And he has told the story of a very great American.

¹ *The End of an Era*, by J. Wise. Houghton Mifflin: Boston.



THE OPEN FORUM

More Amendments to the MERCURY New Deal Constitution

SIR: Permit me to submit the following Amendments to the MERCURY New Deal Constitution:

1. The American Eagle as the emblem of the United States shall be retired because of senility and in his place shall be a Parrot holding three leaves of stinkweed rampant and seated on a judicial bench saying Yes Yes Yes to his master's voice.

2. In order that the American citizen shall again have the use of gold coins and plenty of them, the President shall decree that all coins be reminted with circular holes in the middle as in Chinese coins. That portion of the coin salvaged from the center is to be set aside as a sinking fund to rebuild Tammany Hall and change Fourteenth Street, New York, into the Boulevard of Politicians, leading to the White House.

3. By presidential proclamation, all trolley car fares may be periodically doubled, so that by walking to work the worker can save twice as much.

4. The Department of Agriculture shall cross the Mexican jumping bean with the American castor oil bean. The seeds resulting from this botanical international companionate marriage shall be distributed to the American Rancher gratis; these seeds shall jump from the producer to the consumer without tax, but the oil produced by crushing said seeds shall suffer a processing tax and shall be used as a lubricant in perpetual motion machines and as a deodorant in the throat diseases of female impersonators when, as, and if vaudeville comes back.

5. All bowling pins shall have round bottoms so that everyone can bowl three hundred. It shall be the duty of Congress to

devise some means of training Federal Theater Project workers in standing such pins upright.

6. All factories shall provide dormitories so that sit-down strikers shall have suitable living quarters to live in during sit-down strikes. Special penthouse apartments with suitable printing presses for propaganda shall be provided for alien agitators.

LEON D. KAUFMAN

Hollywood.

SIR: I have read with considerable interest the MERCURY's New Deal Constitution. With the two Amendments that I am suggesting, I think your Constitution will, with possibly some slight modifications, square with the President's high conception of his duty and responsibilities of office.

1. The President, with the concurrence of the Senate and the House, shall be permitted to name his successor; provided, however, that in the event either or both fail to concur, such nomination shall automatically become effective without such concurrence.

2. That the office of Crown Prince be created forthwith, to be named and designated, however, as Secretary Without Portfolio, with such salary and emoluments of office as the President may name, and that such office shall be filled by appointment of the President.

To obviate any possibility of insurrection on the part of the Senate and the House, an amendment might be drawn up permitting the members to be appointed by the President, subject however to the approval of the Supreme Court, but only after the adoption of the President's plan for revising the

Court and adding the additional nine Judges thereof.

With these suggestions embodied in the document as you have drawn it, I think we have a most ideal set-up for government of, by, and for the President, against which Stalin, Hitler, and Mussolini will be relegated to the small type on the second or third page.

R. DUPONT THOMPSON

*Birmingham,
Alabama.*

SIR: Mr. Mencken is an excellent writer, but completely unsuited to writing a New Deal Constitution. Take his preamble, for instance: it is well turned out and the meaning is correct, but it doesn't sound like the New Deal; it's too subtle. We New Dealers like more blood and thunder, we like to come right out and tell them, man to man, what it's all about. Herewith a preamble that may seem a bit garbled to you, but it's real New Deal style, though perhaps more out in the open than usual:

We, the lowest and least-deserving — therefore the most clamorous in our demands for help — being the group which from the start has embraced every boot-strap-lifting scheme ever invented, because we see in Mr. Roosevelt an entering wedge to the kind of economic life we desire — where the poorest of us can get fat while doing practically nothing, and the smarter schemers among us can get very fat doing absolutely nothing; and because it is the nature of our class to hate anyone who under a fair code can show us up for the incompetents we are — that's why we hate Economic Royalists; and having countless examples of Mr. Roosevelt's healthy class-hatred in his own speeches, and his close association with our God, Mr. John L. Lewis, whose principles he (Mr. Roosevelt) so scrupulously follows, because of such healthy signs in the trend of our government, we feel secure in entrusting our lives and fortune to such a man; therefore do we, in accordance, ordain and establish this

Constitution for the United States of America.

CLINTON POST

*Chehalis,
Washington.*

SIR: I think your helping our beloved President write a new Constitution to take the place of the one that's worn out is a fine thing. But I've got an idea that the President is going to write his own Constitution, and personally cram it down our throats with that beautiful smile of his. However, here's an Amendment or two for consideration:

1. All criminals shall be licensed by the federal government and shall pay income taxes just like other folks; and no criminal in good standing shall be molested by any police officer while going to or coming from the scene of a crime, or while in the commission of a crime.

2. Nothing in the foregoing Section shall be construed to mean that bank robbers may be licensed. The robbing of banks is a right reserved to the federal government, which it will exercise from time to time by the issuance of bonds, which the banks will buy — or else.

3. The President or his agents shall, from time to time, replenish the Treasury by a systematic shakedown of every rich man and corporation in the country, and every rich man and corporation shall be libeled, slandered, and persecuted constantly so that those who can't make a living except by holding down political jobs won't f--- so badly about it.

(I'm writing the President for a job on the Supreme Court, so you might just as well put these sections into the Constitution you're making up — I'll interpret them into it anyway.)

JAMES P. DRYER

*Birmingham,
Alabama.*

SIR: Kindly allow me to congratulate your publication and Mr. Mencken for his eluci-

dating Constitution. It's real "sheer stuff", as we folks in the hosiery industry would say. If you will permit, I would like to suggest the following Amendment:

Be there established a department of the government, to be known as the Department For Saving The Workingman of America. The Hon. John L. Lewis is herewith appointed High Muck-De-Muck with sole rights to formulate, regulate, and stimulate all and any laws pertaining to the employment of Labor. In return, all workers of America agree to have 5 per cent of their pay checked off, to be handed over to this Department, as a fund for saving the future and unborn Workers of America, or for use in bringing about the Great Day when all industry will cease, work will stop, and henceforth all who are faithful unto Lewis and Roosevelt will be rewarded with Perpetual Paradise. The present WPA shall be merged with this department and will henceforth be known as the Workers Paradise Arena.

RAYMOND D. TRAUTMAN
Editor, Hosiery Examiner

*Reading,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I have read with considerable interest Mr. Mencken's "Constitution for the New Deal", which appears in your issue of June 1937. My first impression was that it was the brain-child of some college student. However, after reading it the second time more slowly, my next impression was that possibly the Sage of Baltimore was entering his second childhood, one of the first stages of senility, and that his proposed Constitution was drafted while at the College Age of the decline. My admiration and respect for Mr. Mencken (which dates from 1926 until he commenced his attacks upon F.D.R.), amounted almost to idolatry. It's a terrible thing when one finds that one's idols have feet of clay. It was my belief that Mr. Mencken told the truth in everything that he wrote, and I cannot, for the life of me, understand why he is so

bitter against F.D.R., who, in my opinion, is a real humanitarian, and is trying to do all that is humanly possible to make this country of ours a better place in which to live, for the humble, as well as for those in the high places.

I am certainly not naïve enough to believe that F.D.R. is a second Messiah, or that "The More Abundant Life" is something within the reach of all, whether or not all strive for it. Nevertheless, I've a deep-seated conviction, based on F.D.R.'s record (his critics to the contrary notwithstanding), that he is doing the very best he can, and that before he retires to Hyde Park in 1941 for a well-earned rest, the majority of Americans will say: "Well done, thou true and faithful servant."

HARRY J. LYNCH

Philadelphia.

SIR: Responding to your call for suggestions concerning the New Deal Constitution, I would suggest that "mugs" be substituted for "people" in the preamble, so that it will read:

"We, the mugs of the United States, etc."
Truthfulness is ever a virtue.

ANONYMOUS

New York.

SIR: I note with approval that you ask your bewildered readers to send you suggestions and Amendments to your proposed Constitution for the New Deal. I am sure the boys back hum will laff themselves sick over this latest alleged witticism of yours. We who are hungry will laff also, albeit with a certain hollowness. We of the sweating millions just love to be walked upon by strong men like Mr. Mencken. Of course, we know that he denies being pro-Fascist, but we of the proletarian mob are not all credulous and see much truth in the lowbrow expression "No matter how thin you slice it. . . ." I suggest that your proposed Constitution be amended in such wise that it be stripped of all its Menckeneese, leaving all that is truly Rooseveltian

stand as is. Then you might have something there.

DONALD MACCAIG

*Jersey City,
New Jersey.*

SIR: Inasmuch as it has been judicially decreed that a Constitution does not prohibit folly, and that taxing one class for the benefit of another is inequitable and contrary to public policy; why not advocate an Amendment to the Law of Supply and Demand—under the general welfare clause—to compel production of agricultural products on the basis of a forty-hour week; and to provide government guarantee of continued employment at minimum wage; and Social Security benefits for all farm workers who have heretofore been denied privileges of The Abundant Life by the ill-planned, seasonal, arduous, and hazardous character of agricultural operations devised by God prior to the historic New Deal Age? Why should it be considered improper to legislate such benefits to agricultural workers who are compelled to pay taxes (included in higher prices) for support of industrial workers actually so favored by State and federal legislation? Yet, equivalent legislation has been enacted in face of the obvious fact that employment, prices, living conditions, taxation, and production of wealth—in industry as in agriculture—are affected by the same fundamental economic laws that loose-thinking legislators may violate but cannot change. Why not amend the Economic Laws to comply with the expressed wish of legislators, and thus avoid the possibility of misinterpretation by the Supreme Court?

J. A. DOYLE

*East Orange,
New Jersey.*

SIR: Mr. Mencken's proposed Constitution for the New Deal is about the best succinct statement of New Deal activity yet made. However it appears to be a misnomer to call it a Constitution. It is well known

that the good Doctor Roosevelt is strongly opposed to all constitutions, for, while a constitution may grant him power (which he likes), it also implies restriction. And, restriction of any kind is anathema to him. Restriction is one of the Doctor's greatest phobias.

L. N. STAATS

*Coshocton,
Ohio.*

SIR: One of your readers kindly presented me with a half-dozen copies of THE MERCURY. As a Democrat, I endorse its stand. I have been much amused in reading the proposed New Deal Constitution; and, as Amendments are in order, I propose the following:

1. All appropriations to secure votes for the presidency shall be made and paid in advance of Election Day.
2. The Labor racketeer shall be free from arrest and trial for any damage and bloodshed that may occur from peaceful picketing and sit-downry.
3. The right to private ownership of property is hereby repealed.

C. B. STUART

*Oldtown,
Kentucky.*

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Mencken's Constitution for the New Deal in the June issue of your magazine. Only because of the author's invitation and your second to that invitation do I venture to suggest that most of the proposed Constitution is surplusage. The following is therefore submitted:

Strike out everything after the word "Preamble" and substitute the following:

PREAMBLE

We, the people of the United States, humbly believing in the omnipotence of The Great Rectifier of All Evil, secure in the knowledge that He sees all and knows all, and mindful of our duty to posterity, do hereby ordain this New Deal Constitution.

ARTICLE I

The previous Constitution of the United States adopted in 1789 and all amendments thereof are hereby repealed.

ARTICLE II

All governmental powers of whatever sort throughout the United States and in all territories subject to their jurisdiction and any additional powers which He may desire, are hereby irrevocably vested in The Great Rectifier of All Evil. Nothing herein contained shall limit His right to exercise such powers in any manner or through any agent selected by Him, nor to prevent His perpetuating such powers and their exercise in and through His heirs, assigns, or successors.

ARTICLE III

No change shall be made in this document, either by amendment of the people or by construction of any public official, except as He may prescribe or permit.

ARTICLE IV

This Constitution shall be retroactive as of March 4, 1933, and shall take effect at His pleasure.

JUNIOUS III

Minneapolis,
Minnesota.



THE VANQUISHING AMERICAN FEMALE

SIR: In the March MERCURY Stewart Holbrook lamented the "Vanishing American Male" in a vigorous, masculine way. I want to say something about that myself. . . . I agree with Mr. Holbrook that menfolks are not menfolks any more. In a veiled sort of way, Mr. Holbrook attributed the overthrow of the American male to the inroads women have made into the life of the world. And of course, that is why men have become so nearly extinct. But what better weapon could Mr. Holbrook have put into the hands of women? And how swiftly the mind comes to the conclusion

that, if Mr. Holbrook's dirge be justifiable chamber music for the occasion, the American Male of the old days, when the spittoon was the living heart of the barroom, and the barroom the *sancta sanctorum* of masculinity, was not so much a figure of power and strength, but rather an empty shell propelled by the combustion of his gaseous self-opinion. For so quick has been his overthrow!

My own mother, who is not really an old lady yet, lived in respectful awe of her man. And, Lo, in the very next generation even the tradition of male supremacy is half-forgotten! There couldn't have been much behind that great figure of authority and wisdom, if he could shrivel and die in less than thirty years. My mother thought my father very vulgar indeed, as she often implied by silent, martyred reaction to his pleasantries. But so strong was his domination that when he was "vulgar" at table, and she rose from her chair in silent protest, meaning to leave the room, he had only to say (with characteristic vulgarity) "Sit still, and rest your face and hands", and she would, perforce, obey. But the tears ran down her pale cheeks during the remainder of the meal.

There are sad sides to the passing of America's Male. We women who feel so much at home in the world that was a terrifying jungle to our own mothers, still feel the need for our emotional complement. The attractive men today are snapped up by the first conniving woman who sets her trap for them after Commencement. Look for a husband, if you are in need of one today, and be appalled by the result of your search. Men we like (and those are the few who retain some of the old vigor and self-esteem of the Vanished Male of Mr. Holbrook's lamentations), are too cagey to be got at. After all, they are able to see out of their eyes, and what they see of women makes them very skittish. They are the kind who elude the pursuing woman with artful dodges that no longer bear the stamp of playfulness. Women are a menace. The

very few men that are worth the pursuing are not to be caught: they don't want their lives ruined by a woman. They say so, if you pin them right down to it. They saw their fathers slowly bled by their mothers; and they, for their part, intend to elude a like fate.

People used to say that women would chase after anything in pants. But you hear that less frequently now. It is no longer true. Women have learned what it is to be independent, and they hold dear their freedom from ties, even in the face of the price they have to pay for that freedom. Nowadays, more and more, as an unforeseen result of the camaraderie between the sexes, you see women going places and doing things together, seemingly without any feeling that they are missing much of anything by lacking male escort. And if the Vanished Male, presumably in the person of Mr. Stewart Holbrook (who can "still raise a beard in 12 hours", still "spit long streams of tobacco" at the bole of the tree opposite his cabin-door), could hear the way they talk of their futures, he would be even more alarmed at his own insignificance in the scheme of things.

It all bodes very ill, not only for marriage but for Reno too. Most women really feel they are better off without a man to clean up after and be annoyed with. A man is all right in his place; but to live with, he soon appears not worth the trouble of gunning for, and certainly rather too much of a nuisance to look after. Women of the passing generation, no doubt because they foresaw the fate of their sons as members of a fast-disappearing sex, spoiled their boys beyond reason. And no modern woman intends, with marriage, to go on spoiling those same boys.

Yes, we might as well look facts in the face as the good Ben Lindsay would have had us do some fifteen years ago: the only tenable reason for marriage is the legalization of offspring. Hardly anyone looks upon marriage as a career, except in the department of parenthood. And, alas for

the children of the country today, most women who are parents are doubling on the job . . . being father and mother in one. For the men who were spoiled as boys cannot suddenly blossom out and become adult men and undertake fatherhood competently. It's come to such a sorry state of things that many women have no plans for marriage or remarriage, as the case may be, in their outlook for the future. And when women, who have always heretofore been the only ones to *profit* by marriage (so the men have said for many generations! . . .) aren't interested, it looks as if marriage were doomed.

When the intentions of men in pursuit of women are never anything but strictly dishonorable, and women have decided that men aren't useful to them except in seasonal situations, life is certainly quite a different matter from what it was when Stewart Holbrook was still young and vigorous. (He says Nature has done him in now.) We long for men who cannot only fill us with a sense of our own helpless frivolity, but can as well muffle our cries for freedom in the hair upon their chests; and, as Mr. Holbrook justly states, there aren't any such men left. Would we have gone to all the trouble we have taken these last fifty years to find our way around this world alone if there had been a strong and tender hand to guide us? Certainly not! At heart all women are luxury-loving animals. It is not in the nature of luxury to go to work for our bread and butter, and our children's, too! Most of us have now only one satisfaction: we know what's what, as women of the world. But it is a grim knowledge.

Women today are missing all the world has to offer them by running off haywire with their newfound freedom. Men should be put to work again, to work for us, and for our young; but only we, who have to overthrow them, can replace them on the throne. And we shall have to learn a great deal about the art of diplomatic dictatorship before we can fulfill our proper func-

tion . . . as the Power Behind the Throne! Let's jack man's courage up, flatter him a little more than we feel sincere in doing, study his weaknesses and strength with a truly shrewd eye, rig him out again in his royal robes of office, and place him back where he belongs. . . .

We are all for male supremacy, we women. We are sick to death of pansies. Our summer vacations are spoiled for us because when there are sea and sand and stars and night, and no one to look on, there is also nothing to look on *at* . . . because there are no men!

LOIS HENDERSON BAYLISS

*Cambridge,
Massachusetts.*

ORCHID DEPARTMENT

SIR: I am dismayed to see the withering changes made by the march of time in the material shell of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and the still more destructive effects on the cultural values of it. From a progressive, liberal, sparkling, and intellectual leader of American journalism it has become a bilious, embittered foe of liberalism and American democracy—in fact, judging by the last few copies, it has become an open-faced, unashamed, and unabashed protagonist and champion of Fascism. Perusing your recent output, one almost sees the huge black Hearstian shadow smiling benignly and happily on THE MERCURY and invoking his fatherly blessings on his spiritual children. It seems that in due consideration of the caustic and corrosive effect of the venom pouring from the magazine on the soul of American democracy, the name could be properly changed to "The American Bichloride of Mercury".

MOSES SCHOLTZ

*Arcadia,
California.*

SIR: Why do I read THE AMERICAN MERCURY? In brief, because it is a tonic among the prostrated periodicals of today. It stands out as one organ of thought which has not

maintained its circulation by pouring more syrup upon a populace that is even now over-sweet with propaganda. I am not an "Old Dealer", a reactionary, or a Communist. I am simply a believer in the social order which shoved this country to the top. It may need altering, but it isn't ready to discard. I do not care to be stampeded along with a herd of thugs—each one of whom believes that regardless of consequences he will "get his". Reason is discarded in favor of personal greed. How such obviously uneducated rabble (or perhaps they are educated under the new definition of the term) as the writers of letters titled "Threatening Letter Dept.", "From A Lady", etc., actually gain possession of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and then have the forbearance to read its brilliant articles, which are certainly above their grasp, is beyond me. I am amused by their resolutions to retire to their narrow caves, there to boycott THE MERCURY. While they moul in solitude among their fellows, the thought-provoking ideas of this magazine go on and on.

I follow you, not that I cannot see with my own eyes, but because you light more clearly the way. Keep your channels open for those who use your magazine as a nucleus for patriotic, if unpopular, thought.

G. J. HOWARD

*Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: Perhaps I am too late with this brilliant idea—it is hardly possible that no one has noted the golden opportunity offered by two apparently disconnected articles in recent numbers of your grand little magazine. I refer to the demand set forth by Alan Devoe in the June issue for books from the "Rearing Stallion" and "Prancing Stag" presses; and then to the strenuous effort being made by another set of your contributors to satisfy that demand with their idyllic series of scenes from home life, pictured by the proponents and opponents of the "Double Standard". Surely the answer should be easy to the business office of THE

MERCURY. I need not point out the details of an arrangement with the publishers of "Prancing Stallion" presses whereby their clients would be far, far better satisfied by MERCURY copies neatly wrapped and delivered without fear of unpleasant results—it hasn't yet been barred from the mails. But possibly it won't be long.

If I were a follower of the great and good Roosevelt II, I should urge him to put Jim Farley's minions on your trail. Being very far from that status, I am a bit fearful that it might happen. I should hate to see your enjoyable baiting of our Demagogic Autocrat interrupted by a P. O. order, just over the matter of a "Double Standard". Better go easy on the sex stuff and keep your live wires busy on F.D.R. One good argument for preservation of the liberty of the press is a press worth preserving.

A. F.

*Turlock,
California.*

SIR: I am a new subscriber to THE MERCURY. I like the magazine, and, therefore, according to your clever advertisement, I am probably one of the "intelligent minority". I am not sure I like being known as one of the "intelligent minority". It sounds too much like the tricks that house-to-house salesmen use on farmwives to get them to buy their product. However, whether it is intelligent of me or not, I like the magazine, particularly for the outspoken opinion you take on one side or another of nearly every question. I hate shilly-shallying. Naturally, because of this policy, I disagree violently with your writers sometimes, but this is healthy. I also agree heartily with the majority of them. Particularly worthy of note, it seemed to me, was Albert Jay Nock's "A Government of Men", in the June issue, and in the same, "John L. Lewis: His Labor Record". "Americana" is unsurpassed as a feature in any periodical. I must confess that for a time I feared you were given to denouncing "sham and buncombe" only in the pinkish classes, and

were not so vigilantly on guard when it came to the anti-Radical movements. I was reassured, though, by Mr. Nock's criticism of Borough President Harvey, in "A Government of Men". May I take this opportunity to thank you for your conduct of the magazine, and the earnest hope that you will not slacken in the future.

HARRY T. REASONER

*Minneapolis,
Minnesota.*

SIR: I just picked up the June number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. As I glanced through the table of contents, and turned the pages, I stopped almost instinctively at "Old-Fashioned Social Security". It's a gem! No use commenting on it—it's simply a gem! Please convey my sentiments to the author. If enough of us will ponder this article and take its fundamental truths to heart, maybe it can help us solve some of our apparently intricate present-day problems.

Incidentally, the whole magazine is a gem, from H. L. Mencken through the entire list. But that is nothing unusual. THE AMERICAN MERCURY is always good—the best.

ELMER H. JOHNSON

*Los Angeles,
California.*

SIR: As a fellow sufferer under the New Deal administration, I am in complete sympathy with your strong editorial policy. It is a sad commentary on the great American press, however, that verbal lashings should so dominate constructive criticism. It is simple for any man outside the pocketbook of New Deal patronage to condemn a governmental experiment gone wrong, but it takes a virile brain to present a better solution to current problems. Why should a magazine like THE AMERICAN MERCURY, supposedly published to satisfy the mental appetites of thinking men, repeat in well-chosen words and freshly-penned phrases the rumblings of discontent re-echoed in innumerable small town weeklies, metropoli-

tan dailies, pulp magazines, and expensive publications throughout the land? Why?

JAMES H. GIVLER

*Naperville,
Illinois.*

SIR: This is written half a block from the Capitol of the State of Michigan. I have just finished my cover-to-cover conning of the June AMERICAN MERCURY, which included, of course, the State of the Union article entitled "A Government of Men". You're perfectly right in prodding our apparent complacency, but believe me, sir, there are people in Michigan who resented the notoriety accorded John Lewis' visit to our Capitol (ignoring the fact that Walter P. Chrysler was a conferee) and who condemned the first calling out of an honorable National Guard to protect disorder, and the other outrages perpetrated on and in this State since January 1st, 1937—but when we complain, either individually or through our editorials, those with as much foresight as a pair of glasses, say, sneeringly, "Oh, you're a Republican!" And as you know, the Republicans are not only a minority here, but a nonentity.

But, sir, your scathing, caustic lye-showers do circulate among courageous souls, by courageous soles, and SOMETHING in the way of a reaction may occur. Please continue your goadings. The heroic attitude of your publication in exposing the underpinnings of "our" strikes and confirming suspicions we would not admit, save on such accepted authority, is more than commendable. This is not written with any notion of explanation, rationalization, or exhibitionism—but merely a very humble spirit of thanksgiving.

EVELYN BUMGARDNER

Lansing.

SIR: Permit me to voice my ardent approval of your excellent magazine. It is one magazine which is "trussed with truth".

I. C. COLE

*Peru,
Indiana.*

THAT DOUBLE STANDARD ARTICLE

SIR: THE AMERICAN MERCURY is supposed to be an enemy of sham, but said magazine surely is guilty of that very thing. Inconsistency on your part causes people to lose faith in your publication. The article entitled "I Believe in the Double Standard", by a Wife, is one of the most rotten and disgusting things ever printed. Are you people crazy? Your magazine will soon be known as a purveyor of filth if you continue. The article by Anthony M. Turano is poorly written. The April issue isn't anything to be proud of.

A WIFE

*Milwaukee,
Wisconsin.*

SIR: The recent interesting article, "I Believe in the Double Standard", is a little deep for the average person and it may take a student of human nature backed up by some personal experience to know that the contention is absolutely right and correct. Proof of this contention is well set out in the Code of a Victorian Wife, recently defined by Isabel Burton as follows:

"A husband should find in his wife what he fancies is found only in a mistress—then he will seek nothing out of the home. Be a good nurse to him when he is ailing and attend to his creature comforts. Keep pace with his mental progress that he may not weary of you. Be prepared to follow him at a moment's notice. Never refuse him anything he asks. Maintain your reserve and delicacy and keep up your personal appearance. Never confide your domestic affairs in your female friends. Hide his faults from all. Don't listen to tales of his conduct with other women. Never reproach him when he is wrong. If, in spite of all this, disagreements should arise, they must be kept at home. Do not bother him with religious talk. Don't interfere between him and his family and never ask him not to do anything he wants reasonably to do,

as for instance to visit the homes of other women."

I will say the writer of "I Believe in the Double Standard" is a smart and far-seeing woman and has the fundamental logic that leads to happiness.

J. G. JOLLY

*Sedalia,
Missouri.*

SIR: I missed, to no disadvantage apparently, the article, "I Believe in the Double Standard" in your April issue. After reading the letters in answer to it in the June issue, I am inclined to agree with David Harum that the more I see of human beings the better I like dogs. They at least have a time and season for the sexual instincts. From the letters upon this subject, this is more restraint than the humans show, for all their advantage of intelligence and spirituality. It is a convincing argument for sterilization of those who give too much attention to the physical. One wonders what they expect to carry over into the next incarnation.

ELIZABETH M. WRIGHT

*Lewisburg,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: "I Believe in the Double Standard" sounds like whistling in the dark, to me. I can't possibly imagine any wife being titillated by "surprises, diversions, or variations" which had been taught to her husband by "a plump blonde with an obvious permanent" — or even by the pretty filing clerk in his office.

A Wife thinks her husband's "other women" are jealous of her. I know her personal friends pity her. Even the envy of the hypothetical harem wouldn't recompense me for being made an object to be pitied. Do the plump blondes really envy the wife who sits at home, cultivating her mind? I wonder!

A Wife says she is happy. But in her article she deliberately makes her husband appear slightly ridiculous. So again — I

wonder! I'll take the Single Standard, please.

MRS. J. R. ELLIOTT

*Massillon,
Ohio.*

~*~

ABOUT POISON GAS

SIR: I have read with some interest the article by W. F. Kernan in your April issue bearing the title "The Poison Gas Myth". The fact that so little really accurate information has ever been published for the general reading public on the subject of chemical warfare has always been the source of much wonderment for me. Mr. Kernan's article is certainly a great deal more accurate than most that I have seen, but even he is guilty of many inaccuracies.

Perhaps I am wrong, but it is my opinion that the material which produced the myth was not DM, but Lewisite. After all, Lewisite has some properties which give an active imagination a real stimulus. Very early it was shown that one small drop on the skin of a guinea pig was sufficient to cause death. From there it is a fairly easy jump to whole cities wiped out by a spray from one airplane. Lewisite is, of course, an arsenical, just as is DM, being beta chlorvinyl dichlorarsine.

The author does not say so precisely, but invites an inference that the German Blue Cross material was diphenylamine chlorarsine. This is incorrect. The German Blue Cross shell consisted of a glass beer bottle full of crude diphenylchlorarsine placed in the projectile and surrounded with high explosive. This is called DA. DM, or diphenylamine chlorarsine, while covered by a German patent in 1913, was unknown either in England or America prior to 1918. Strangely enough, it was discovered independently in both countries at about the same time and not, as Mr. Kernan says, imparted to America as a secret by the British. The American discoverer was Dr. Roger Adams, later president of the American Chemical Society. Unfortunately DM

was *not* developed in time for use in the World War.

What Mr. Kernan says about the effect of DM is well-founded. I am reminded of an experiment which I tried at Edgewood Arsenal about 1923. Two young graduates of West Point volunteered as guinea pigs for this trial. A concentration of DM smoke was set up in a small chamber by placing a few grains on an electric hot plate. The victims breathed this by putting on gas mask face pieces which were connected to the chamber by a rubber hose. The length of time they continued to breathe this smoke was left to their discretion, but they were instructed to cross the road and fire a machine gun which had been set up there. After a while they came out of the laboratory and sat down on the door step. No amount of urging could stir up the slightest interest in firing a machine gun. Even when they were dragged over to the gun and sat down in front of it they would not lift a finger to pull the trigger. It always seemed to me that if trained officers who had volunteered for this service so completely changed their plans it is a fact that if the average soldier were involuntarily subjected to a good dose of DM it would be a matter of complete indifference to him whether the eagles were taken off the Brandenburger Tor or not. The toxic smokes have one weakness in common with mustard gas, which is that neither are instantaneous in their action and the effects may take an appreciable time to develop.

Mr. Kernan is correct in saying that no chemical agent more generally useful than mustard gas has yet been developed. He is wrong, however, in stating that it is a lachrymator. I have been exposed many times to mustard in sufficient concentration to be plainly perceptible to the sense of smell, but have never felt any lachrymation from it. True, mustard does attack the eyes. In fact, they are one of the most vulnerable points of attack, but the action is very much delayed. The great usefulness of mustard depends upon two things principally;

one its persistence, and the other the cumulative nature and the severity of its effects. Mustard will probably not kill many men, but it will keep them in hospitals and out of action for a long time, and a terrain well covered with mustard is pretty successfully denied to the enemy for a considerable period.

Obviously there are quite independent tactical uses for both persistent and non-persistent chemical agents. Actually, vapor pressure *per se* is not necessarily a criterion of usefulness in warfare. The chemist in his research for chemical agents is limited principally by the following considerations: It must be cheap to manufacture and easily obtainable in large quantity. It must be capable of putting troops out of action. It must be stable and not too easily protected against. It must be heavy enough to hang fairly closely to the ground, whether as a gas, a vapor, or a dispersion of solid particles.

Mr. Kernan's article is interesting and contains much truth. It seems to me, however, that facts are easily obtainable and I can see no reason why an article cannot be 100 per cent accurate and still be just as interestingly written as one which contains misstatements.

J. F. SMITH

San Francisco.

6-3

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Smith is certainly entitled to his own opinion concerning the origin of the poison gas myth — but what reason, except *simon-pure*, scientific bumptiousness, can be alleged for his assertion that "the author invites the inference that the German Blue Cross material was diphenylamine chlorarsine"? I wrote that Blue Cross chemical shell was first used by the Germans in the Summer of 1917, that English officers were experimenting with the arsenate filler of this shell in September 1917, that the London Ph.D.'s then set to work and that "three months later a box of DM arrived at GHQ".

Now, if the Blue Cross shell had contained DM, this succession of events is utterly meaningless. Would the British chemists have worked for three months simply to send GHQ a "discovery" whose formula must have been known 24 hours after the first Blue Cross dud fell in the Allied trenches?

With regard to the independent American discovery of DM, the textbooks are strangely silent concerning the researches of Dr. Roger Adams. In its historical summary of "Adamsite", the official *Handbook of Chemical Warfare Agents* published by our War Department does not claim that diphenylamine chlorarsine was an American invention and makes no mention of Dr. Adams whatsoever. The English are less modest. In his book, "*Gas*" — *The Story of the Special Brigade*, Major-General C. H. Foulkes who was Chief of the British Gas Service during the World War, writes as follows:

In September 1917, one of my officers, Sisson, in a spirit of investigation put a pinch of DA which had been extracted from a German shell on the hot-plate of a stove . . . the result was so remarkable that everyone was driven out immediately. This was the germ of a new idea and steps were taken to discover how DA could best be volatilized. . . . In the course of these investigations at home a still better substance was discovered which had not been previously known. This was the analogous compound diphenylamine chlorarsine which was labelled DM.

Mr. Smith's critique of "The Poison Gas Myth" is ably written and his determination to get at the "facts" is highly commendable, but what are we to say of his pronouncement that mustard is not a "lachrymator"? General Foulkes, who probably knows more about the effects of mustard than anyone living today, speaks of it as a lachrymator; Major Cyrus Wood

of the U. S. Army Medical School in his very fine monograph on *The Chemistry of the Chemical Warfare Agents* calls mustard a lachrymator at its smallest concentrations; Colonel Augustin M. Prentiss, author of *Chemicals in War*, is of the opinion that mustard is a "fairly lachrymatory vesicant" and writes as follows concerning its eye-damaging qualities:

The odor of mustard is said to be detectable at concentrations of .0013 mg. per liter (of air) but a concentration of .0010 mg. per liter will cause casualties from conjunctivitis on one hour's exposure.

Now it is physiologically impossible to have conjunctivitis without lachrymation, but Mr. Smith says that he has many times been exposed to mustard "in sufficient concentration to be plainly perceptible to the sense of smell" and that he has never yet felt any lachrymation. May we point out to Mr. Smith, in the interest of that 100 per cent accuracy he so admires, that *suppressio veri* is almost as bad as *suggestio falsi*? Or is it possible that he is unaware that the duration of exposure is all-important in determining the effect, lachrymatory or otherwise, of a toxic mustard concentration?

W. F. KERNAN

Madison Barracks,
New York.

FASCISM

SIR: In reading the editorial on Fascism in your current number I found much to agree with and not a little to dissent from. With your contention that Fascism and Communism are equally destructive of liberty and the individual, I agree. That they are essentially the same polity seems to me obviously wrong. There is real State capitalism in Italy; there is none in Russia, though it may develop there. I think you are too sweeping in your statements and that you weaken your case in not making more precise distinctions. Then when you talk of natural rights, I throw up my hands!

I thought THE MERCURY was modern. It is not necessary to believe that the State is good; but it is only under some form of State that men have any rights at all. Talk about God-given rights which no one can take away is *vieux jeu*! Please apologize in your next number!

But I read THE MERCURY with pleasure and profit and large agreement.

GEORGE CLARKE COX

New York.

SIR: Your editorial "What Is A Fascist?" imbibes the error common to moralism. One ought to weigh fairly the actual circumstances in the situation. Transport the U. S. to Germany and vice versa and then conjecture the outcome in the light of these words from Emerson: "Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty . . . of the eater." If our democracy had fainting spells during the Depression, what would it do in such exiguous conditions which Germany faces? Believe it or not, most Americans are incipient Fascists or Communists. Extenuating circumstances would quickly show their colors. Fascism and Communism are inherent in Capitalism. It is not because of principle or morals, but because of favorable environment that American people keep their limited democracy, now so sadly on the wane. True democracy is possible only when morals are uppermost.

P. BRINKMAN, JR.

Portland,
Oregon.

THE FEDERAL (COMMUNIST) THEATER

SIR: Take all the WPA actors, all the WPA stage plays and performances, all the WPA artists and writers and projects in the cultural field, put them all together and they spell nothing. These projects were certainly not intended for the encouragement and promotion of phonies, yet real writers in

straits, real actors, real dramatists, and genuine artists are conspicuous by their absence. Union Square, New York, is happily not the cultural center of America. Its ideals, ideas, and philosophies are foreign to American ideals and traditions, and this country is still America. The drama as perpetrated by the WPA certainly is not representative, and persons of an inquiring turn of mind would like to ask why such a situation obtains. Generally speaking, it is foreign in concept and foreign in presentation. Its themes are not wholesome. It attempts to preach, and all theatrically-astute persons appreciate that the place for the sermon is not the theater, especially if the sermon is cockeyed.

There is worthwhile American drama which might enjoy governmental aid, as there are worthwhile professional people who would appreciate encouragement without the stigma of degradation and pauperism. But they suffer in silence, while the soapbox phonies, who ought to go back where they came from, even if they belong to the second generation, or shut up, produce propaganda plays which are not only false in philosophy but punk and amateurish besides. Perhaps Americans, always tolerant, could appreciate the preaching of alien doctrines if the preaching were entertaining enough for a laugh. But there isn't a laugh in a carload of this stuff; not even a derisive laugh.

Who wants to see the so-called Class Struggle depicted on the stage? So that's entertainment, is it? That stuff never got very far in the legitimate theater, or in vaudeville. But Uncle Sam, the sucker and angel, is the backer of these Follies of Nineteen Thirty Six and after. Why doesn't he back good shows? Why doesn't he back American shows?

R. C. O'BRIEN

New York.

RUMBLINGS OF REVOLUTION

SIR: I am going to write about something different than strikes. We're fed up on that

and want to know something about other things being pulled. For instance, one thing that seems queer to me just as bad as gambling, slot machines, etc. is Radio Programs sponsored by the rich, asking the public to buy three packages of soap or try some new kind of shortening and other articles, then cut the wrapper from them, send to this or that company the wrapper together with twenty-five words describing why you like this certain world's famous article. Now anyone knows in twenty-five words it is so limited that there must be thousands of these sent in practically the same words saying the same things. Thousands of them, many thousands and the judges must read them, each and every Judge read each "baloney" letter. I can't see how it can be done. How can they remember who has written the best? No trick answer to win they say, no education necessary, just write something like this and they give an example, no one could win on them as thousands would say the same thing and have to say it in about the same words. Now one knows there is just guess work and suspicion of ones being picked from here and there to seem fair. Everyone has relatives or friends in different cities far apart. I believe they, the Judges are instructed to do so, just draw from the jack pot and whose name they draw are the lucky ones or else all are hand picked. Who pays for all this? It's a cinch the company isn't losing or giving away free a few automobiles.

They advertise their products can reach the people easily. The suckers furnish paper, envelopes, stamps and the profit to the manufacturers for the products advertised bought. I can't see in any way how they can be fair — only feather their nest greatly at other people's expenses. Sure people don't have to do this but like gambling they do.

I believe many a picture-producing company who was losing out because of poor unpaying pictures brought their company out making big money because of the Banknite drawings. I have known personally of people who went hungry to save for Banknite and at one season I knew Relief people who sold their gas from their cars to go to Banknite shows. Poorest pictures imaginable put on those nights. I think it's time to instruct the people about how this racket is pulled and why it is. I am not a disgruntled person who tried to win and lost, anyone knows the chances are for a limited number only, but they do not let the public know what articles of twenty-five words or less wins. Simply for the reason there would be many others just like them. You see the graft part of about everything of today is being found out. People who used to not stop or felt it did no good to do so, anyhow are taking great notice of the why of things. This is the main cause of the upsetting of everything today. We the working and underdog consider only as workers. Well we're tired of it and I believe are kicking up with such force and kept up will put a stop to all this unfair dealing. Am I right?

JESSIE J. TALLMAN

*Granite Canon,
Wyoming.*

623

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SIR: A recent copy of the New York Times said: "The newly named Roosevelt Theater at Second Avenue and Houston Street opens today for the showing of Soviet films."

Similis simili gaudet.

ROSCOE PEACOCK

*North Cohocton,
New York.*



INDEX TO VOLUME XLI

Americana	94, 216, 341, 481	Holland, Gerald: Baseball and Ballyhoo	81
Antheil, George: Don't Be A Composer	164	Holmes, John: Puritan Ancestor	365
Belloc, Hilaire: Neither Capitalism Nor Socialism	309	Kamb, Karl W.: In Defense of Cows	334
Boyd, James: Civic Crisis	468	Kolodin, Irving: Recorded Music xviii, xviii, xiv, xiv	
Bynner, Witter: Itinerant Bird	87	Layne, Don: Why Become a Citizen?	179
Death of a Gallant Gentleman	349	Lutes, Della T.: Old-Fashioned Social Security	199
Byron, Robert: The Cost of Communism	68	Magaret, Helene: Invitation to Death	316
Canby, Marion: Insidious Process	437	McNeill, Louise: Ego	67
Carroll, Gordon: John L. Lewis: His Labor Record	137	Mencken, H. L.: A Constitution for the New Deal	129
Check List	vi, vi, vi, iv	Utopia by Sterilization	399
Chrasta, V. James: To One Dead These Years	174	Mother, By a: I Do Not Like My Children	423
Coatsworth, Elizabeth: The Day	42	Nock, Albert Jay: The Autocrat vs. The Constitution	I
Coffin, Robert P. Tristram: Door to the Night	59	A Government of Men	220
Colcord, Lincoln: Captain Robert Belknap Goes West	151	All the Traffic Will Bear	345
Contributors	128, 256, xiii, xiii	Liberals Never Learn	485
Cook, Whitfield: Happy Ending	43	Open Forum	120, 251, 373, 497
Dear Mr. Flessheimer	203	Oppenheim, Garrett: The Minor Poet's Holiday	291
Devoe, Alan: Any Sex Today?	175	Peake, Peveral H.: Why The South Hates Sherman	441
Doyle, Marion: Of Mortal Memory	184	Pergament, Lola: In the Blue Air	74
Editorial	88, 211	Pharo, Eugene: This Mother's Day Business	60
Ellis, Havelock: Sexual Freedom Today	27	America's Wet-Nurse Bureaucracy	283
Fergusson, Harvey: The Life of Riley	226	Powel, Howard: The Game Cock	185
Gerould, Katharine Fullerton: The British Fair-Play Myth	461	Pratt, Fletcher: The Battleship Comes Back	169
Glassford, Pelham D.: Prostitution Legalized	455	Portrait of the Naval Academy	321
Gootnick, Abraham: The Art of Body Snatching	158	Propaganda From Spain	409
Hanes, Leigh: Fire of Spring Above	114	Publisher, By a: How to Pick a Best-Seller	35
Heth, Edward Harris: Gambler's Luck	350	Purdy, Ruth: Husbands	438
Hirsch, Edwin W.: The Dangers of Sexual Abstinence	302	Richards, Edward A.: The Dead Clock	467
Holbrook, Stewart H.: Paul Bunyan in the Flesh	292		

Schoolcraft, John: The Saga of Battle Creek	297	Something of Rudyard Kipling	244
Seagle, William: You Can't Beat the Landlord	75	The Murder of Abraham Lincoln	366
Seaman, H. W.: Coronation Crazy	19	A Great American, Forgotten .	491
State Senator, By a: Crooks in the Legislature	269	Thomen, August A.: The Truth About Hay Fever	317
Smart, Joyce: A Poet to Her Tangled Verses	408	Turano, Anthony M.: Wanted: A National Lottery	276
Smith, Granville Paul: We Enter Eden	328	Varney, Harold Lord: The Red Road to War	6
Sokolsky, George E.: Credo of American Capitalism	449	What About "The Revolution"? .	257
Stevens, James: Indiana's Magnifi- cent McNutt	430	The Truth About American Fas- cism	385
Stocker, C. Elliott: Cremation . .	329	Wecter, Dixon: Reading, 'Riting, and Revolution	192
Thomason, John W., Jr.: The Cap- tains and the Kings	115	Wells, Linton: Blood on the Moon	98
		Zaturenska, Marya: Glass and Por- celain	202



*It's always good going
on GOODYEARS*



SAFETY WHERE YOU NEED IT

TOURING is so much more fun when you are certain of your tires; certain that they have traction to hold any road in any weather. And that's what Goodyear Tires give you — *safety in the CENTER of the tread* — the place where you need it most!

Those deep-cut, sharp-edged rubber diamonds are not put there for looks. They are scientifically designed to resist skidding in all directions — to "spike" into soft going — to

take firm hold on slippery surfaces. 8,400 tests proved that this Goodyear center traction grip stops a car quickest — *giving you a life-saving margin of safety when sudden danger threatens.*

You can buy a Goodyear Tire today in several different price classes and every one gives you the greater security of center traction!

This extra safety is one reason why the world votes Goodyear Tires *best* — and long experience proves that *the cheapest thing on your car is the best tires you can buy!*

THE GREATEST NAME

IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, Editorially recognized, competent aid in placement of Stories, Novels, Books, fiction, non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New authors invited. Information on request. 49 West 42nd Street, New York City.

WANTED Authors' Manuscripts for immediate marketing. Free examination. Send manuscripts to REVEL SYNDICATE, 41 W. 45 St., N. Y. C.

BECOME A REGULAR NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT, make extra money by spare time writing. Short course, telling how, what papers, plus candid revision of two feature manuscripts. \$2.00. Etext Press Service, Kirbyville, Texas.

GENERAL

CONTACTS, the Clearing House for the mentally isolated, connects you with 2000 members the world over. Now in its 10th year. Unusual books loaned free. Send 3c stamp. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding, promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation. THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS, Station H, Box 66, N. Y. C.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK YOU WANT may be in stock; or can be obtained easily. Please advise us as to your special interests and requirements. Good books bought in any quantity. CARLTON L. PYTELL, 860 West 181 St., New York City.

THE BOOKS YOU WANT AND CAN'T FIND may now be quickly located through our FREE Search Service. Unusual, scarce and out-of-print titles on all subjects searched for without charge. Send us your book wants. BOOK RESEARCH BUREAU, 121 East 23rd St., N. Y. C.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front adu't section, p. vi)

★★★★ A HOME IN THE COUNTRY, by Frederic F. Van de Water. \$2.00. *John Day*. A beautiful little book: New England has never before been praised with such noble words. Its circulation will inflate Vermont real-estate values.

★★★ THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY OF OUR TIME, by Karen Horney. \$3.00. *Norton*. Here, without any mumbo-jumbo, is a deal of plain speaking about the fringes of the conscious world. Most of us, it seems, have this neurosis or that, and it would be curious if we didn't: so trends the tide of modern life.

★★★ THE POWER TO GOVERN, by Walton H. Hamilton and Douglass Adair. \$2.50. *Norton*. Another contribution to the current debate: Resolved, that the Constitution is flexible enough to meet the democratic demands of the immediate future. Messrs. Hamilton and Adair have written a helpful book, not too prolix to confuse, not too sentimental to mislead.

★★★ WHO GAVE THE WORLD SYPHILIS?, by Richmond C. Holcomb. *Froben Press*. A convincing argument that syphilis was not, as popularly believed, brought back by Columbus from the New World to Europe. The author contends that the disease is as old as the human race.

★★★ DEATH RIDES WITH VENUS, by Arthur C. Palm. \$1.50. *Greystone Press*. Another addition to the growing literature on venereal disease in America. Mr. Palm's book has the merit of being written for the layman, and therefore points its moral in plain language.

★ MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION, by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd. \$5.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. The Lynds return to Muncie, Indiana, to find out how the "typical American town" has fared during ten years of prosperity and depression. Their study is not so detailed as the earlier *Middletown*, but it will be equally interest-

THE CHECK LIST

ing to all sociologists who have a leaning toward the Left.

★ **THE OTHER HALF**, by John Worby. \$2.50. *Furman*. Artless narrative of a tramp in this country and in England. If the other half is really like Mr. Worby says it is, its lot is not without attractive features.

FICTION

★★★★ **THE OUTWARD ROOM**, by Mil-len Brand. \$1.25. *Simon & Schuster*. There is unusual strength and charm in this first novel. A literary *tour de force*, it chronicles the adventures of a young girl in a sanitarium and in the city after her escape. Readers will await the author's next novel with keen interest.

★★★ **THE STRIKERS**, by Goetze Jeter. \$2.50. *Stokes*. Some literary tribunal should present Mr. Jeter with a gold watch and chain. He has written a proletarian novel without once invoking the name of Dr. Karl Marx. The result is a balanced, reasoned analysis of a strike in a typical American industrial town, in which both the Worker and the Boss are shown to be guilty of nefarious practices.

★★★ **THEATRE**, by Somerset Maugham. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. A suave, narrative novel of English theatre life, from the viewpoint of the actress heroine, Julia Lambert. Again Mr. Maugham exhibits his ability to analyze emotion without emotion.

★★★ **SUNS GO DOWN**, by Flannery Lewis. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Grandmother was a notable lady of Virginia City, and she was made of hard fiber. She would be tolerant of this portrait, saying the boy did the best he could.

★★ **YANGTZE SKIPPER**, by Thomas Woodroffe. \$2.50. *Sheridan House*. The British Navy on the Yangtze Kiang, written out of life lived and things experienced. Remote and inconsequential vignettes of those exotic parts; but from such stuff is woven the fabric of human life.

(Continued on page xi)

WHAT AMERICA MUST KNOW ABOUT VENEREAL DISEASE



DEATH RIDES WITH VENUS

by Arthur C. Palm

Director of The Social Hygiene Foundation.
Cleveland, Ohio

Not a "sex" book, but a practical, timely handbook.... It tells you how to be tested, and when; the proper use of prophylactics; how to avoid pitfalls of "quacks," the corner druggist and the negligent doctor, etc....

As a social document it points out that 30,000,000 Americans are affected, and nearly 200,000 of them die yearly; why gonorrhea is the commonest cause of childless marriages; why 21,000,000 working days are lost to employers each year because of venereal diseases; the chances of complete cure in almost all cases.

America could virtually wipe out in one generation, as Sweden has done, the terrible scourge of syphilis.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES . . . \$1.50

The Greystone Press, Inc.

11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of
"Death Rides with Venus" by Arthur C.
Palm, for which I enclose check or
money order at \$1.50 per copy.

Name

Address

City

(We pay postage)

One year ago, we offered as the
outstanding book of the year

GONE WITH THE WIND

Now we nominate for the highest
fiction honors, published or to
come, in 1937

AND SO — VICTORIA

By Vaughan Wilkins

\$2.50 — all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN CO.

"KNUT HAMSUN

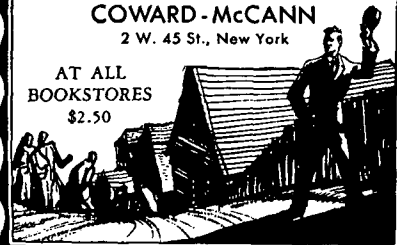
has exceeded himself
... a masterpiece!"
says *The N. Y. Times* of

THE RING IS CLOSED

COWARD-McCANN

2 W. 45 St., New York

AT ALL
BOOKSTORES
\$2.50



THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xi)

★★ **TIME PIECE**, by Naomi Jacob. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A strong-willed Yorkshire woman makes one unsuccessful marriage, has one tragic love, and finally makes a *mariage de convenance*. Miss Jacob writes a readable and fast-moving story.

★★ **IN THE LIVES OF MEN**, by Alan Hart. \$2.50. *Norton*. A breezy medical novel describing entertainingly the days when a G.P. not only practiced medicine but also held court as a consulting psychologist.

★★ **QUEEN'S FOLLY**, by Elswyth Thane. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Four hundred years in the history of an English manor house and its owners, the Brand family, from the time of Elizabeth to the present.

★★ **THE SPECTACLE OF A MAN**, by John Coignard. \$2.50. *Jefferson House*. A psychoanalyst inscribes the case history of a patient in fiction form. Valuable reading for persons who are prone to blame all their troubles on a recalcitrant mind.

★ **VERY HEAVEN**, by Richard Aldington. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Christopher Maylin was very young: he had no difficulty getting into bed with women; much in placing himself on terms with life. Facile writing about a frightful prig, who, with the best motives in the world, made all his own troubles. For an English novel, very little of rain and hot-water bottles, which is a virtue.

POETRY

★★★ **AMERICAN FRONTIER**, by Elisabeth Peck. \$2.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Dramatic verse of pioneer life, written with a fresh and vivid pen. An interesting contribution to the literature of the Frontier.

★★ **MUSIC OF MORNING**, by Katharine Kennedy. \$1.50. *Banner Press*. A first book of verse by a young writer worth watching. Miss Kennedy occasionally turns out a finished and poignant poem.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES BOYD (*Civic Crisis*), the well-known novelist, lives in North Carolina. **MARION CANBY** (*Insidious Process*) will publish her second volume of poems this Fall, entitled *On My Way* (Houghton Mifflin). **KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD** (*The British Fair-Play Myth*) contributes stories, essays, and verse to various magazines. **PELHAM D. GLASSFORD** (*Prostitution Legalized*), former Police Commissioner of Washington, D. C., now is a rancher in Arizona. **H. L. MENCKEN** (*Utopia by Sterilization*) is the former editor of *THE MERCURY*. **PEVERAL H. PEAKE** (*Why the South Hates Sherman*) is a New England Yankee. **FLETCHER PRATT** (*Propaganda from Spain*), an ex-newspaperman, now writes novels and articles in New York City. **RUTH PURDY** (*Husbands*) lives in Rye, New York. **EDWARD A. RICHARDS** (*The Dead Clock*) has taught English at Amherst, Rochester, and Columbia. **JOYCE SMART** (*A Poet to Her Tangled Verses*), a young graduate of Stanford University, lives in Roseville, California. **GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY** (*Credo of American Capitalism*) is a New York author and lecturer. **JAMES STEVENS** (*Indiana's Magnificent McNutt*), an ex-Hoosier, now lives in Seattle. **HAROLD LORD VARNEY** (*The Truth About American Fascism*) is an authority on the Radical movement.



"BEST HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE YEAR"

—*American Mercury*

BUGLES BLOW NO MORE

By Clifford Dowdey

"Dramatic, colorful, tragic and exciting pageant of life in a war-stricken city." — *Herschel Brickell in N. Y. Post.*

"Better than the facts of any history book." — *Time.*

An Atlantic Book. . . \$2.50

3rd Printing

LITTLE, BROWN

& CO., BOSTON



1837

1937

AUTHORS & POETS

POEMS — PLAYS — SHORT STORIES

WANTED FOR PUBLICATION IN

"Yearbook of Contemporary Americans" Series

PRIZES OFFERED

ALSO FULL-LENGTH NOVELS & BIOGRAPHIES

Write or send manuscripts to:

RENAISSANCE BOOK COMPANY

126 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

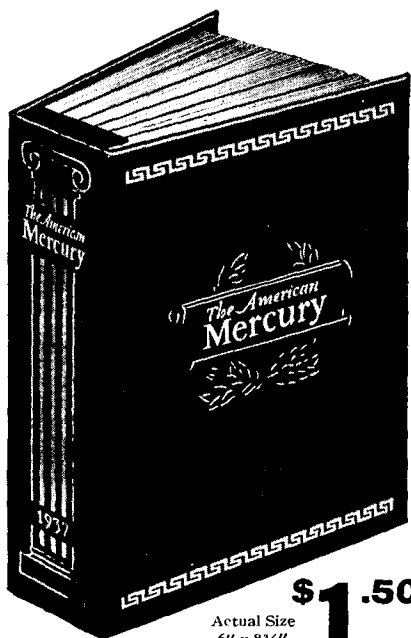
Any Book of
Any Publisher Will Be
Mailed at List Price to
Mercury Subscribers

Mail your order and check to
Book Department

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

570 Lexington Avenue New York City

PERMO BINDERS



Actual Size
6" x 8 3/4"

\$1.50

Holds 6 Issues

Now Ready for...

The American Mercury

This binder was especially designed in
response to hundreds of requests

American Mercury Binder
570 Lexington Ave., New York City
Please send me (Postpaid in U. S.) Permo
Binders for The American Mercury. My
check or Money Order is enclosed.

☐ Number of Binders

Amount Enclosed

☐ Also send me FREE illustrated catalog
of binders for other magazines

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



*** indicate an outstanding performance,
** a competent performance, * an acceptable
performance. ††† denote exceptional record-
ing, †† efficient recording, † poor record-
ing.

VIOLIN

***†† Sonatas Nos. 10 and 15 (both in B
flat), Mozart: (RCA-Victor, five 12-inch
records, \$10). Two of Mozart's loveliest
works for violin and piano embellished by
the art of Jascha Heifetz, whose reputation
as a virtuoso does not exclude exceptional
suitability for such music as this. The only
reservation about these performances is the
reticence of Emanuel Bay, whose skill as an
accompanist inhibits him from assuming
his proper place in what should be an en-
semble of equals. Both instruments are well-
recorded.

***†† Six Roumanian Dances, Bartok:
(Columbia, one 10-inch record, \$1). Some
gay and unpretentious tunes beautifully
played by Josef Szigeti. The material is
more naive than that utilized by Brahms
for his Hungarian Dances, and the arrange-
ments by Bartok preserve all of the folk
character. His expert performance of the
piano part completes a recording of un-
usual quality.

ORCHESTRAL

***††† Slavonic Dances (Nos. 4, 5, 7, 11,
13, 14, 15, and 16) Dvorak: (RCA-Victor,
five 10-inch records, \$5.50). A completion
of the enterprise begun a year ago with the
release of eight of the sixteen dances. Vaclav
Talich again directs the Czech Philharmonic
Orchestra. The conductor's flair for this
sturdy music may be only a blood affinity,
but the quality of these disks suggests that
he is one of the day's most talented directors.
Moreover, the orchestra is as good as any in
Europe. The recording is extremely good.
An item to satisfy every shade of musical
taste.

***††† In A Persian Market, Ketelbey:
(RCA-Victor, one 10-inch record, \$1.50).
A superior rendering of the cinema favorite
by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops"
orchestra. The gross displacement of the

PRODUCED 2003 BY BISHA, C. D. G.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY

by W. E. Woodward

(continued from back cover)

Mr. Woodward has proved that it is possible to write America's history as a tremendously exciting narrative, crowded with vital, often heroic, sometimes rascally, always fascinating characters — and full of action, adventure and meaning.

And now, through a special arrangement, it has been made possible for you to get this revolutionary NEW AMERICAN HISTORY as A GIFT — if you accept at once this offer of free membership in the Literary Guild.

Guild Membership Is FREE

The Guild selects for your choice each month the outstanding new books before publication — the best new FICTION and NON-FICTION. "Wings" — a sparkling, illustrated little journal — comes free each month to members. It describes the forthcoming selection and recommendations made by the Editors, tells about the authors, and contains illustrations pertinent to the books. This invaluable guide to good reading comes a month in advance, so members can decide whether or not the selected book will be to their liking. You may have the Guild selection any month for only \$2.00 (plus a few cents carrying charges) regardless of the retail price. (Regular prices of Guild selections range from \$2.50 to \$5.00.) Or you may choose from 30 other outstanding books recommended each month by the Guild — or you may order any other book in print at the publisher's

price, postage prepaid. But you need not take a book each month. As few as four within a year keeps your membership in force.

You Save Up to 50%

Remember, Guild savings are not merely fractional savings. When you can get a \$3.00, \$4.00, or \$5.00 book for only \$2.00, your book bills are cut in half, and you can afford to buy more books this way than under any other plan.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Send No Money

Remember: You buy only the books you want, and you may accept as few as four books a year. The Guild service starts as soon as you send the card. Our present special offer gives you the 895-page A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY absolutely free. This book will come to you at once together with full information about the Guild Service and special savings.

Captain Kidd— Pirate by Accident!

He was hired by a British syndicate to chase and capture buccaneers, but the greed of his crew forced him to turn pirate himself.

Called Lincoln a Baboon!

After Lincoln's inauguration, Edwin M. Stanton, who later became his Secretary of War, called him "the baboon in the White House."

Every Woman Was Every Man's Wife!

In the famous "Onedia Community" they called monogamy "selfish love" and every woman was the wife of every man.

READ THESE AND
MANY OTHER
AMAZING FACTS
IN "A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY"

Free "Bonus" Books Twice a Year

This popular new BONUS plan gives thousands of Guild members an additional NEW book every six months ABSOLUTELY FREE. Full details of this special plan will be sent to you upon enrollment.

DO NOT HESITATE
TO MAIL THIS CARD.
THE POST OFFICE
WILL ACCEPT IT. NO
STAMP NECESSARY

Literary Guild of America

Dept. 8-A.M.
9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York

Mail This Card Today FREE—"A New American History"

The Literary Guild of America, Dept. 8-A.M.
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York

Enroll me without charge as a member of the Literary Guild of America. I am to receive free each month the Guild Magazine "WINGS" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four books through the Literary Guild within a year — either Guild selections or any other books of my choice — and you guarantee to protect me against any increase in price of Guild selections during this time. In consideration of this agreement you will send me at once, FREE, a copy of A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY, by W. E. Woodward.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Canadian Subscribers write direct to the Literary Guild in Canada,
PRODUCED 2003 by BORGSTZ, Toronto, Canada

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE
TO NEW MEMBERS
OF THE LITERARY
GUILD...

*For the First Time . . . The WHOLE STORY of
Nation . . . Its Struggles and Triumphs • Its
Heroes, Rascallions • Revealed from the HUMAN*

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY

as only **W. E. WOODWARD**
could write it!

From the painting by Frederick J. Waugh, N. A. © Detroit Pub. Co.

HERE, at last, is a true story of your country which is so fascinating you will forget you are reading a history — you will seem to be actually living through the tremendous dramatic events which formed the America we know.

For this is a history written "without gloves." The author of "George Washington" and "Meet General Grant" has torn away historic myths, discarded hallowed legends posing as facts. You will often be surprised, sometimes shocked, to find a traditionally great personage revealing petty and inconsistent traits of character. You will be equally amazed to learn that another character, fitted with a "dunce cap" by posterity, really had greater character and foresight than his contemporaries!

(continued on inside of this cover)



Member
in the C
Is FREE!

SEE OTHER SIDE

**THIS RETURN
POSTCARD
REQUIRES
NO STAMP**

**PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED**